

# THE DIAL

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## SILAS WEIR MITCHELL.

The last thing that could be said of Dr. Mitchell was that he lagged superfluous on the stage. When he came to Chicago year before last, as the guest of the Twentieth Century Club, he made the impression of a man who, despite some of the physical signs of advanced age, had all the mental alertness of a man in his prime. His zest in living was certainly not impaired, and the evident fact that he was a sage did not mean for him aloofness from human interests, or any dulling of the genial personality which made him one of the most companionable of men. He enjoyed the society of his fellows quite as keenly as they enjoyed their intercourse with him. His vast interest in humanity kept him mentally alive, and made him the central figure of any group which included him in its numbers; although he might well have rested on his octogenarian laurels, and been content with the tribute of admiration which the younger generations were so ready to pay him. His novel of last year was perhaps the best he ever gave us, firm in its marshalling of material, incisive in its characterization, and having about it no suggestion of senility. It might have been the work of a man of forty, except for the comprehensiveness of its survey and the ripeness of its wisdom.

Lowell once spoke of an acquaintance as "quite literary for a Philadelphian." This humorous aspersion upon the culture of the Quaker City loses its point when we take stock of the total contribution of Philadelphians to our literature, and the name of Dr. Mitchell alone would suffice to put it out of court. In years alone, he was the dean of our letters, and he might have filled that office in a more substantial sense if he had not given half a century of life to science before he took up the calling of the literary artist. It is said that when a young man, his mind was balanced between choosing medicine (his father's profession) and literature for his life work, and that he chose the former upon the advice of Dr. Holmes, who was equally distinguished in both callings. The Autocrat's advice was for medicine first, with letters as an avocation or reserve resource, and the young student accepted it. He made for himself a world-wide fame as a physician, and

then, past fifty, at an age when most men are content to rest on their oars, he began the career which is now the reason of our mourning in his death the loss of one of our foremost poets and novelists. It is one of the most extraordinary life-histories in our annals. The creative impulse is usually spent at the age when Dr. Mitchell first yielded himself to its mastery, but in his case the new task was taken up with all the vigorous delight of youth, and with the added power that comes from wide experience of life, and the ripe wisdom that the years alone can give. Upwards of a score of novels, and several collections of poems, all written since 1880, attest the fertility of his genius, and add another example to the list given in Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus" of those who have shown

"How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow  
Into the arctic regions of our lives,  
Where little else than life itself survives."

Mitchell was born in Philadelphia February 15, 1829, and when he died, on the fourth of this month, he was within six weeks of completing his eighty-fifth year. His college education was cut short by illness, but the degree which he thus failed to obtain was made up for him many times over by the professional and honorary degrees bestowed upon him in after life. For over a quarter of a century he stifled his literary aspirations, and devoted himself assiduously to the practice of his profession, gaining a world-wide reputation as a specialist in nervous diseases. This period included a term of service as an army surgeon in the Civil War. His contributions to the technical literature of his profession number a hundred or more, and include research studies of the most important description. A few of the more important titles are: "Gunshot Wounds and Other Injuries of the Nerves," "Rest in the Treatment of Disease," "Researches on the Venom of Poisonous Serpents," "Relations of Nervous Disorders in Women to Pelvic Disease," and "Rest Treatment and Psychic Medicine." These professional writings were continued far down into the period of his literary authorship, and he never wholly abandoned his practice. He once gave this explanation of his dual life as a writer:

"When success in my profession gave me the freedom of long summer holidays the despotism of my habits of work would have made entire idleness mere ennui. I turned to what except for stern need would have been my life-long work from youth — literature — and bored by idleness wrote my first novel. There is a lesson for you — never to be idle."

"In any land but this such an experiment as a successful novel would have injuriously affected the pro-

fessional career of a medical consultant, or so I was told by an eminent English physician. I need not say that this is not the American way of looking at life. If you give your best to medicine and the law, you may write novels or verse, or play golf or ride the wildest colt of hobbies."

The first of Mitchell's long list of novels was "Hepzibah Guiness" (1880), which was followed by "Roland Blake" (1884), "Far in the Forest" (1888), and several others not mentioned. Then came, in 1898, his great success of "Hugh Wynne," probably the best novel of the American Revolution ever written, which placed him in the foremost rank of our novelists. In 1907 came "The Red City," a companion piece to "Hugh Wynne," and only a few weeks ago "Westways," a great novel of the Civil War. A few other notable works of fiction of the later period are: "Dr. North and His Friends," "The Adventures of François," "Constance Trescot," and "John Sherwood." The two Revolutionary fictions and the one based upon the Civil War represent his highest achievement, and best illustrate what may be called his ecological treatment of character and incident. He knew his backgrounds as few novelists have ever known them, and he always kept environment in view as a penetrating and shaping influence upon life. To quote from the New York "Evening Post":

"He had almost literally lived in the Philadelphia of the days of Andre's Meschianza and Washington's Valley Forge. He knew from delving here and there just what buildings had antedated the prim brick and marble fronts of his day; how the passers in the streets were dressed, of what they talked, and whither they were bound. So he came to his writing. He was personally acquainted with Revolutionary days and doings, one might say."

It goes without saying that the specialist in the pathology of the mind, the physician who was the repository of thousands of the most intimate personal confessions, was also extraordinarily well-equipped on the psychological or analytical side to become a master of fiction, and the power and truth of Mitchell's creative work rest upon the twin pillars of knowledge above outlined.

Mitchell's connection with the stage is illustrated by "The Miser," a brief morality which was in Wilson Barrett's repertoire, and by a dramatization, made by his son, of "The Adventures of François." As a poet, Mitchell earned high distinction; the collected edition of 1896 included "Francis Drake," "Philip Vernon," "The Cup of Youth," and "François Villon," all of which had previously had separate publication, and enough other pieces, exhibiting such variety of form and treatment as to rank

their author with such men as Taylor, Gilder, and Stoddard. A new edition is soon to be published, to include his later work also. His "Ode on a Lycian Tomb," a recent lyric, has been greatly admired, and may perhaps be taken as an example of his fine achievement.

"What gracious nunnery of grief is here!

One woman garbed in sorrow's every mood;  
Each sad presentment celled apart, in fear  
Lest that herself upon herself intrude,  
And break some tender dream of sorrow's day.  
Here cloistered lonely, set in marble gray.

"O pale procession of immortal love,  
Forever married to immortal grief!

All of life's childlike sorrow far above,  
Past help of time's compassionate relief;  
These changeless stones are treasuries of regret  
And mock the term by time for sorrow set.

"Cold mourners — set in stone so long ago,

Too much my thoughts have dwelt with thee apart.  
Again my grief is young; full well I know  
The pang reborn, that mocked my feeble art  
With that too human wail in pain expressed,  
The parent cry above the empty nest."

#### ELLEN KEY: IDEALIST.

Always since the Galilean lived his revolutionary message — to reform man and not methods, — every step in the world's ethical and moral progress has been inspired by the standard-bearer of a new idealism. With the wane of each century, the idealism which demanded the ascetic renunciation of earthly joys has been more sternly challenged, until a higher conception of true life-values is leading us back to the Greek ideal of beauty and happiness as the basis of a life-giving harmony.

Ellen Key's credo, "the enhancement of life through love, joy, and beauty in things small and great," implies much more than the joy of living. To her, happiness means "to love, work, think, suffer, and enjoy on an ever higher plane." She expounds her gospel in a glowingly picturesque and even startling way, and those who read coming events in to-day's idealistic tendencies believe that she has established the three truths on which our moral future will be based: 1, The futility of legislation and economic readjustments for bringing about the regeneration of the race; 2, The wisdom of courageous truth-telling as regards vital issues; 3, A truer recognition of the sacredness of human relations.

As a forerunner in urging the vital reforms for which we are fighting to-day, Ellen Key has always insisted on freedom for the new type of beings who are developing as a result of the transvaluation of moral standards that must eventually bring about a betterment of the species. The closing sentence in her most indignantly contested book, "Love and Marriage," proves her intent to let her theories be a stepping-stone to changed and bettered marriage conditions, and not a plan for immediate action:

"Those who believe in a humanity perfected by love must learn to count in thousands of years, not in centuries, much less in decades."

Why, then, do we hear all this hue and cry about Ellen Key's "immoral" precepts? To see danger in her reversal of accepted standards in sexual ethics is as misleading as was the popular interpretation of the high-handed exit of Ibsen's Nora. It would be just as absurd to accuse her of suggesting free love as a solution for marital tangles as it was to blame Ibsen for the panacea which "misunderstood women" found in his open-door theory. Both these idealists are counting in "thousands of years" for the consummation of their hope of social advance through the ennoblement of natural impulses.

In demanding new forms, Ellen Key asks freedom "for the only love worthy the name," the sanctified, self-sacrificing love that is life's highest spiritual expression: self-sacrificing only in the sense of giving and demanding the highest happiness in love. All other love she considers desecration, whether in marriage or out of it. "Her greatest victory is that pure-minded young men have made their own her demands of true morality," said one admirer on the occasion of her sixtieth birthday. The new type of woman which is being evolved from this supreme test of her theories will be the corner-stone upon which the new creed of a higher freedom for both man and woman will rest. Fewer Priscillas, ever ready to bear the marriage yoke, will worship man as the lord of creation, and more Brunhildes will defend the fiery wall of newly-won privileges which protects the cherished freedom of their personality.

On the other hand, Ellen Key proves the possibility of making practical ideals fit to-day's needs in her plea for the rights of the child. What a neglected factor the child has been in our demand for the right to develop our own individuality! We are only beginning to concede his right to be well born and well equipped, physically and morally, for the task of finding his true place in the great scheme of existence.

What the dreamer Rousseau began, the centuries are slowly bringing to a splendid fruition. With two inspired women like Maria Montessori, who is freeing children's souls, and Ellen Key, fighting against our effete conception of the moral law, in the vanguard, we are slowly realizing our possibilities in making the most perfect development of the individual the basis of social advancement.

In "The Century of the Child," a powerful leaven in the great social upheaval now going on, Ellen Key bases her plea for less training and more opportunity for free action on the premise that mankind can rise to its highest fulfillment only through the most perfect development of human impulses and the best training of the faculties. To this end she would change Froebel's dictum, "Let us live for the children," to the admonition, "Give the children a chance to live." "Aim to leave your child in peace, interfere as little as possible, try to remove all im-



pure impressions, but above all else *perfect yourself* and let your personality, aided by reality in all its rude simplicity, become a factor in the child's development." Nietzsche expresses this essence of the educational wisdom of the ages more tersely: "See that through thee the race progresses, not continues only. *Let a true marriage help thee to this end.*"

Ellen Key's arraignment of our present method of predigested instruction, of artificial spurs to endeavor, and of over-vigilance and protective pampering is a strong negative plea for more natural methods of training children. She thinks an adult person would lose his reason if some Titan should try to train him by the methods ordinarily employed with children. Like all right-minded people, she considers corporal punishment detrimental to the development of courage, energy, and self-reliance. She quotes the opinion of an educator who claims that many nervous little liars simply need good nourishment and outdoor life; and she holds the "good" school, with its over-insistence on versatility, responsible for the nervousness of our day.

The child should be trained to exercise his own powers: trained,—not allowed to exercise them as he wills. Herein lies the misconception that leads many ultra-modern parents to give the reins into the child's own hands. We are in danger now of passing the Scylla of restrictive methods only to founder on the Charybdis of unrestricted liberty. Even the radical Ellen Key advises strict discipline for young children "as a pre-condition to a higher training." During the first and most important formative period she insists upon absolute obedience.

Our present system of training often limits the natural capacities of the child and shields him from life's real experiences. In answer to the assertion that splendid men and women have grown up under a system of repression and punishment, she argues that parents were consistent and unbending in earlier days: not over-indulgent and severe by turns, guided by nerves and moods, as are many parents of to-day.

"We need new homes, new schools, new marriages, new social relations for those new souls who are to feel, love, and suffer in ways infinitely numerous, that we now cannot even name," is her insistent plea.

Home influence, its settled, quiet order, and its call for tasks conducive to the happiness and the comfort of the family, is underestimated as an educational factor of great value. As soon as humanity awakens to the consciousness of "the holiness of generation," Ellen Key's ideal of a better parenthood will be realized. The mothers of the future must live according to her eugenic creed: to enhance life and to create higher forms. To this end she would consecrate woman as the priestess of life, who regards motherhood as a vocation of high worth, not as an incident or as an irksome task to be avoided.

In "Motherliness and Education for Motherhood," she asks woman to concentrate her divergent

interests in order to make herself more efficient for her most important duties, and she urges reform measures to so aid the working mother that she may devote more attention to her children. Another suggestion, to make a course in caring for children, in health culture and nursing, obligatory for girls, is a more rational demand than the European law for compulsory military duty, and would surely be productive of better results. The ethical as well as the practical value of efficiency is being recognized in the business world, in professional and educational life. Why not in the highest of all vocations—parenthood?

"The Woman Movement" challenges those of Ellen Key's adversaries who claim that she opposes woman's emancipation: for her the most important woman question is the highest development of the individual woman. "Motherhood," she assures us, "will exact all the legal rights without which woman cannot, in the full sense of the word, be either child mother or community worker." Her glowing faith in the perfectibility of human nature, her courage in braving false interpretations of her creed, and her prophetic understanding of our most urgent spiritual needs give her the right to shed a blinding light on matters tabooed by those who fear the truth. She is not a disillusionist for courageous souls. Anyone who reads "Life Lines" understandingly is impressed by the author's tremendous sense of righteousness, and by the optimism of her prophecies.

In her biographies of noted women the forward-seeking vision in their lives and in their work is a typically modern note. Rahel Varnhagen has never before been drawn with the ultra-modern touch that reveals her aspiring soul as a strong influence in spurring on great men to unusual deeds of intellectual valor.

A humanitarian in the widest sense, Ellen Key disapproves of many forms of charity, while she insists upon the right of every human being to develop his best possibilities through an inspiring environment and a chance to express himself in his work. She once heard a young working-girl say: "It is not your better food and finer clothes we mostly envy, but it is the many intellectual enjoyments which are so much more within your reach than ours." The organization of the Tolstjerna circles was the result of this plaint. Women of wealth and culture, with a sympathetic understanding, met working girls on terms of equality. Ellen Key's beautiful home will belong to these girls in the future. Only four of them are to occupy it at one time; she wants them to be honored members of a family, not dwellers in an institution. The home is her sanctuary. All her "revolutionary" doctrines are directed towards its perfection by making men and women better able to guard its sacred flame and render it worthy to be the cradle of a new race of beings and a nobler civilization.

AMALIE K. BOGUSLAWSKY.



## CASUAL COMMENT.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA makes itself heard in no uncertain accents in favor of sound culture. The Classical Association of that State has put on record its emphatic approval of Greek studies in the high school, urging that in addition to proper provision for Latin a prominent place be made for Greek in the last two years of the high-school course. Mr. Thomas Fitzhugh, President of the Association, reports its recent action, and adds, in the course of an eloquent plea: "Greek is the one ideal element needed to round out and perfect our system of democratic education. Its call is a spiritual one. The maintenance of Greek in the high school is our tribute of loyalty to the spiritual ancestry of our culture. The time is come when we too of Virginia and the South can afford to pay such reverence to the ideal interests of life." Not long ago an English author of the widest popularity and influence was heard to say, in conversation with a young woman, "We are living in the present; why go on constantly dwelling on the past?" And this was from him who wrote the poem whose refrain, "Lest we forget," lays emphasis on the wholesome steadying influence of the past and reminds us that what is best in the present strikes its roots into that past. The chief reason why we "go on constantly dwelling on the past" is that we are not savages, who, as has been well said, have no past and (largely for that reason) no future, but only the inappreciable instant of time called the present; and we cherish especially that portion of the past rendered illustrious by Greece because, to name no other reasons, we value the Platonic virtues enumerated in the "Phædo," where the soul is depicted as "arrayed in her own proper jewels, which are temperance and justice and courage and nobility and truth."

THE VERSATILE AND CHARMING JULES CLARETIE, whose death in late December deprived France of a gifted and widely-read author, and took from the Academy one of its most distinguished members, gave the best years of his maturity to the management of the Théâtre français, of which he was appointed director in 1885, and which he tried to keep true to its traditional high standards even while it was suffering such losses as the withdrawal of actors like the elder Coquelin, Le Bargy, and Madame Sarah Bernhardt. But his endeavors were not eminently successful, and two months before his death he resigned his post. He was born at Limoges, December 3, 1840, educated at the Lycée Bonaparte, Paris, and served his apprenticeship in letters as dramatic critic to the "Figaro" and the "Opinion Nationale," and as war correspondent in Italy in 1866 and at Metz in 1870. He was also a staff officer of the National Guard during the Commune. His election to the French Academy took place in 1888, and he was seated in February of the following year, being received by Renan. In his long list of published works, including plays,

novels, histories, biographies, critical essays, and miscellanies, note should be made of such considerable productions as his five-volume "Histoire de la Révolution de 1870-1871," and his study of Alsace and Lorraine five years after their annexation to Germany; his history of French literature from 900 to 1900 A. D., and his life of Molière. Of his work in fiction, "La Cigarette" attained especial popularity and served as the basis of the opera, "La Navarraise," which Claretie helped to set to the music of Massenet. Outside his own country he is probably best known for those annual volumes in which he was wont to collect the shorter writings (essays and criticisms) that he had contributed to newspapers and magazines, and in which his facility and charm showed themselves to the best advantage.

. . .

THE REASON OF AN EDITORIAL, long or short, literary, political, industrial, hortatory, oburgatory, or of whatever character, is that most of us like not only to know what is going on, whether in the world of letters or in that of affairs, but also to know what others are thinking about it, and even, sometimes, to be told what we ought to think about it. We fail to grasp the full significance of an event until we see it through one or more pairs of eyes beside our own: and even then all the possible aspects of the subject are seldom exhausted. One of our ablest and best-known journalists, Mr. Jacob A. Riis, has told us, in his vivid account of his life, how on at least one occasion when editorial honors and responsibilities were offered him he preferred to remain a plain reporter and chronicle what was going on about him, leaving it to others to tell lies about it. That was a rather harsh estimate of the value of editorial writing; but it was an estimate held, not many years ago, by more than one person, and was doubtless partly responsible for the decline, at that time, in the editorial department of many journals. Not a few country newspapers greatly curtailed or wholly discontinued their editorial section. But now there is a fortunate rebound in the opposite direction. A recent issue of "The American Press" declares that in the last five years the amount of space devoted to editorial discussion of current events has increased threefold. A well-considered, well-written, more or less learnedly illuminative, and even somewhat ornately rhetorical presentation of a topic of the times is found by most readers to be far more intellectually nutritious and mentally stimulating than a bare record of the topic as an item of news. Therefore let us hope that the prestige of the "leader," as it was known in our fathers' and grandfathers' time, may be revived.

. . .

A "DAILY OF DAILIES" is but the logical continuation of the series of what might be called (without disrespect) "scissors and paste" publications which began in 1890 with the monthly "Review of Reviews," and was soon continued and amplified in a number of weekly periodicals of excellence and usefulness. With the opening of this year there begins

in Berlin, under the direction of Dr. Arthur Kirchhoff, the daily issue of a "Zeitung der Zeitungen," which purposes to give a "tägliche Weltübersicht der internationalen Politik, Kultur und Wirtschaft." By an alphabetical arrangement under continents and countries the principal diurnal events of international interest are so grouped, in the form of brief telegraphic despatches, that the eye of even a hasty reader can easily catch what is of interest to him, and a full perusal of the sheet (a folio printed only on one side, "to facilitate clippings") would occupy but a fraction of an hour. "About two hundred dailies," it is announced, "and other periodical publications from all parts of the globe will regularly be followed up day by day in about twenty languages for the 'Zeitung der Zeitungen.'" An impressive list of more or less eminent men giving the undertaking their moral support appears in the prospectus sent out by the publishers. A fortnightly issue of "European Letters," from competent pens, containing "a review of the most important economic, political, industrial, scientific, and technical occurrences in Europe," also begins with the launching of the larger enterprise, and these letters will eventually, it is expected, be issued weekly. Further particulars may be obtained from the Pressbureau zur Förderung gegenseitiger Kenntnis der Kultur-Völker, Lützenstrasse 9, Berlin-Halensee.

WHAT EVERY SCHOOLBOY SHOULD KNOW, if he be in the high school, and at the same time what every schoolgirl of equal advancement should know, will be found neatly and conveniently indicated in a pamphlet compiled by Miss Florence M. Hopkins, librarian at the Detroit Central High School, and entitled, "Allusions Which Every High School Student Should Know." The allusions are from the domains of philosophy, religion, mythology, sociology, philology, science, useful arts, fine arts, literature, history, and general information, and are arranged alphabetically, to the number of eight hundred and thirty-seven, with alternate blank pages for additions, and with indications as to the grade, or class, to which each topic ought to wear a familiar aspect. The numbers, 9, 10, 11, 12, and the letter G (graduate student) are used for this purpose. Let us quote a few of these allusions, to show how intelligent the Detroit high-school pupils and graduates are supposed to be, or ought to be. We find, for example, Balder, Baljol College, Baucis, Bay Psalm Book, Bodleian Library, Bouguereau, Calydonian Hunt, Comus, Cuvier, Dirce, Erechtheum, Eurydice, Excalibur, Freya, Gautama, Haggai, Hegira, Hippolyta, Index Expurgatorius, Lachesis, Loki, Obadiah, Odin, Pyrrha, Ur of the Chaldees, Zeitgeist, Zeno, and Zephaniah. Not every college graduate could pass a perfect examination on even the few random allusions here quoted. Miss Hopkins sets no mean standard for her high-school pupils, but it is far better to aim too high than too low.

"THE FATHER OF AMERICAN HISTORY," Dr. David Ramsay, was recalled in one of the letters received at the recent testimonial dinner tendered to Professor McMaster, the writer drawing an interesting comparison between the two historians. Ramsay, like McMaster, was of Scotch descent. McMaster taught in early life at Princeton, where Ramsay graduated in 1765. McMaster for many years has filled the chair of American history at the University of Pennsylvania, of whose medical school the famous Dr. Benjamin Rush said Ramsay was the most distinguished graduate. Ramsay was a member of the Continental Congress from South Carolina, whither he removed from his native state, Pennsylvania; he was a surgeon in the armies of the Colonies, prisoner of war at St. Augustine, and member of the "Old Congress." His "History of the American Revolution" was published in Philadelphia, London, Dublin, and Trenton, and in French, Dutch, and German. His "Life of Washington" was published at New York, London, Boston, Baltimore, and Ithaca; it appeared in Paris in French and Spanish, and at Barcelona. Twenty-one editions of these two books were issued from American and European presses between the years 1789 and 1842. The late Frederick D. Stone, librarian of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, thought Ramsay's the best narrative of the Revolution that had ever been written. His book was one of the few read by the young Abraham Lincoln. While tribute was being paid to the living McMaster, Ramsay's monument, tumbled over by the earthquake, still lay prostrate in the yard of the Presbyterian Church in Charleston.

A NEW STATE LIBRARY SCHOOL began its useful existence with the beginning of this year. Its situation, on the Pacific coast, clears it at the outset from any charge of desiring to enter into competition with already established schools of the same kind. From the latest issue of "News Notes of California Libraries" we quote: "To meet an increasing demand for librarians and library assistants who have had the benefit of technical training as well as experience, the California State Library has planned to establish in January, 1914, a library school. The purpose of this school is to offer to carefully selected candidates a one-year course in library economy, which is designed to qualify the students for library service. For this training the California State Library offers a well-equipped laboratory, having a library of about 165,000 volumes, including its law library; the collection of federal, state, and municipal documents; the collection of books for the blind; and the special collection in the California Department." Examinations under the supervision of the California State Civil Service Commission are held for the purpose of selecting the limited few who shall enjoy the privileges of the school, and no tuition fees will be charged—a noticeable item. That the new school may live to rival in usefulness and reputation that other State

institution of like character at the eastern verge of the continent, will be the hope and wish of all interested in the growth of our public library system.

SHAKESPEARE PRESENTED BY AMATEURS seldom or never equals Shakespeare as presented by the best professionals; but the value of the performance to those behind the footlights may be none the less considerable. An eminent Shakespeare actor—no less a one, in fact, than Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson—is thus, in part, reported on the subject in the Yale "News" (one would not dare affirm the exact verbal accuracy of the report): "Presenting Shakespeare's plays in college has several advantages. The main one is that Shakespeare demands of his actors good elocution and articulation—the greatest assets in acting. Modern dramas do not demand this to the same extent. For instance, the average modern play usually has its characters representing types who do not necessarily speak well, and thus there is not so much demand on the actor for good speaking. On the contrary, however, Shakespeare compels his actors to speak with far greater care. Of course Shakespeare's dramas need much more skilful acting than the modern, but they are of high educational value. There is no necessity for giving the great tragedies, for most of his comedies are well adapted to college use. In fact, I have seen some of the more rarely staged ones, like 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' and 'All's Well That Ends Well,' given in college with great success." The seeming implication that none of Shakespeare's clowns and grave-diggers and constables and tavern roisterers ever express themselves in carelessly-articulated colloquialisms, is of course easily disputable; but the colloquialisms of three centuries ago are sufficiently unlike our own to require some study and elocutionary practice for their mastery and effective oral rendering—which we take to be the English actor's meaning.

THE PRICE OF ORDERLINESS IN THE LIBRARY, asserts Miss Bertha Marx, head of the Sheboygan (Wis.) Public Library, "is eternal vigilance on the part of the librarian, coupled with a sense of orderliness on the part of the staff, and untiring, conscientious work on the part of a good janitor"; and the model neatness of the institution under her care offers conclusive proof that litter and literature, so often found dwelling together in a sort of sluttish content, are not necessarily one and inseparable. To the question whether the public is not repelled by the aspect of such preternatural tidiness as she describes in a paper printed in the "Wisconsin Library Bulletin," she makes reply: "I shall answer by saying that we circulated three thousand more books this year than last, and that we number among our regular patrons the grimy men of the coal yards, the odoriferous tannery workers, and hundreds of factory men." John Wesley's famous pulpit utterance here comes to mind, but shall not be quoted;

also a part (but not all) of the poet Vaughan's counsel to the growing seed might be fitly cited:

"Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch  
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;  
Keep clean, be as fruit, earn life, and watch  
Till the white-winged reapers come."

THE LAUREATE'S FIRST OFFICIAL POEM, "Christmas Eve," was sent to the King two days before Christmas, and was at his request published in "The Times." In the stately dignity of its antique mode some irreverent modern critics may find matter for sport and mockery, and certain of its unrhymed lines where the rhythm is somewhat less obtrusely apparent than in "Yankee Doodle" may seem, to the frivolous, to invite the application of that expressive term some time ago applied to the productions of a poet less eminent than Dr. Bridges,—"jerked English." But to the few who retain even a faint memory of the archaic charm of "Piers the Plowman" this bit of twentieth-century revival of fourteenth-century poetic art will give pleasure. To convey an idea of its gentle manner we quote a few of its lines as they have reached us:

"Now blessed be the towers that crown England so fair,  
That stand up strong in prayer unto God for our souls;  
Blessed be their founders, said I, and our countryfolk  
Who are ringing for Christ in the belfries to-night  
With arms lifted to clutch the rattling ropes that race  
Into the dark above and the mad romping din."

A TOPSY-TURVY METHOD OF LANGUAGE-TEACHING seems to have been adopted in the night schools of Richmond, where the wholly unliturgical tongue known as Esperanto is taught as Latin and Greek have so long been taught, by practice in translation from the alien into the native tongue—though the adjective "alien" is perhaps hardly applicable to so anomalous a linguistic phenomenon as Esperanto. Not long ago an eminent language-teacher from England was in this country, demonstrating to us the feasibility of imparting a knowledge of a dead language by the conversational method so fruitful in giving a command of a living and spoken tongue; and now, by a curious reversal of the plan, a language invented for conversational and epistolary use, chiefly in commerce and travel, and consequently with no literature or history back of it, is treated as if its origin went back to the Tower of Babel. Who would have thought the dictionary-and-grammar habit to be so ingrained anywhere in twentieth-century America? Or have the Richmond night schools been grossly slandered?

MAGAZINE COVERS, tastefully and modestly designed (the one, of course, implies the other) win for themselves, as the slow seasons roll, a certain fondness on the reader's part that makes him averse to any change even for what may be artistically better. Amid the ravages wrought by cover-designers among our long-established monthlies—ravages that have robbed us of the good old "Atlantic" cover with its familiar stars and stripes, and have ruthlessly



removed from the venerable "Harper" its opulent cornucopias and chubby cherubs—there remains, sturdily resistant to frivolous innovation, the original dress of "Blackwood's Magazine" as Blackwood founded it almost a century ago. "Maga" puts to shame the frivolity of Mr. Punch in running after new modes and bedizening his borders with divers innovations in color, and she thus, in a recent number, expresses her disapproval (we quote only a few of the lines):

"It is a shame to spoil  
The page of Dicky Doyle,  
Or, at best, waste of toil,  
Painting the lily.  
Don't let the lust for change,  
For something new and strange,  
All your old charms derange—  
We think it silly."

LITERARY MAGIC, as employed by a master magician, can often transform a repulsive theme to something comely—often deceptively and seductively comely—in its outer aspect. This is a proposition that needs no demonstration here, but the truth of it is quite harmlessly and very entertainingly illustrated just at this time by the appearance in English of Professor Henri Fabre's delightful treatise on that common carrier of disease, that pest of the home, that shameless disturber of bodily and mental peace, the house-fly. It is to be hoped that this charming book, "The Life of the Fly," will be responsible for no truce in the modern war on the Argus-eyed insect so difficult to be caught napping by even the most wary and alert fly-exterminator. Charmed with the marvels of the abstract fly, we must nevertheless harden ourselves to the pitiless extinction of the insect in its concrete manifestations—loving the sinner, but hating more the sin.

THE LITERATURE OF FEMINISM, a topic only recently come into prominent notice (under its present name, at least) is already far from inconsiderable in quantity or negligible as to quality. At the John Crerar Library of Chicago, for example, as we learn from an excellent historical account of that library issued in pamphlet form by order of its board of directors, there is a "distinct collection of nearly 6,000 volumes and pamphlets on the social, political, and legal status of women. A catalogue of this part of the collection, under the title *La femme et le féminisme*, complete to 1900, was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of that year and received a diploma of honor." It is safe to predict that, with the increasing public activities of the twentieth-century woman, the literature of feminism and the John Crerar collection of that literature will undergo considerable and rapid augmentation.

LINCOLN LITERARY RELICS of much interest are at this time (Jan. 14, 15, 16) passing under the auctioneer's hammer into the hands of fortunate possessors. The late William H. Lambert's collection of Lincolniana, after being for two weeks on exhibition at the Anderson Galleries in New York, now

suffers the fate of most collections and is dispersed. Among items of especial value there are mentioned thirteen volumes from Lincoln's library; one of the fifty copies of the Emancipation Proclamation signed by Lincoln and Seward; one of the three copies of the Thirteenth Amendment signed by Lincoln, Hamlin, and Colfax; a copy of the play-bill issued at Ford's Theatre the day of the assassination; many letters, legal papers, and other documents written or signed by Lincoln; a leaf from his sum-book, dated 1824; a discharge signed by Lincoln as captain in 1832; and the original manuscript of Lincoln's plan of campaign, 1861. Other papers, with relics of a different sort, are enumerated—altogether a remarkable collection.

MR. CARNEGIE'S LIBRARY GIFTS FOR 1913 amount to three hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars, his total benefactions for the same period being somewhat over fourteen million dollars. Apparently he is not specializing quite so much in libraries as formerly, although a third of a million for one year's outlay in this branch of charity would be for most men royal munificence. Of this amount, the Allegheny City Library, the first of the Carnegie library buildings, received one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for an extension; Somerville, Mass., one hundred thousand for its new building, just completed and opened; Montclair, N. J., forty thousand dollars for a library building in Upper Montclair; Central University, Danville, Ky., thirty thousand dollars for a library building; Perry, N. Y., twelve thousand dollars for a like purpose; and the New York University Library (already housed in a Carnegie building) five thousand dollars toward its maintenance.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### CONCERNING "YE" AND "AMPERSAND."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

While I believe Mr. Pickard has performed a distinct service by calling attention to the common but absurd pronunciation of the early Modern English representation of "the," I am constrained to differ with him in the matter of the origin of this symbol. "The only apparent reason for mistaking the character is," he says, "that two centuries ago the letter 'h' was usually written with a tail below the line, and with a razed top, which made it look like our 'y.'" On the contrary, I regard the character not merely as looking like "y," but as actually being "y," though introduced through confusion with the Old and Middle English letter *þ*, and intended, of course, to be pronounced like *þ*. John Earle says on this point ("The Philology of the English Tongue," fourth edition, pp. 103-104): "The words *the* and *that* continued after the close of the fifteenth century to be written *þe* and *þat* or *þʰ*. This habit lasted on long after its original meaning was forgotten. The *þ* got confused with the character *y* at a time when the *y* was closed a-top, and then people wrote 'ye' for *the* and 'yat' or 'yt' for *that*. This has lasted down close to our own times; and the practice has not entirely ceased even now." The same position is taken in



"Webster's New International Dictionary," pp. 2147 and 2358, and in "The New Standard Dictionary," p. 2507.

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD.

Manhattan, Kansas, Jan. 7, 1914.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Agreeing with, and wishing to emphasize, what your correspondent writes in your issue of December 16 upon the modern use of "ye" for "the," may I add that the use of the letter "y" in the spelling of "the" and "that" originated in the adoption by the early English printers of the runic letter "thorn" which very closely resembles the black-letter "y"; hence when the black-letter began to be replaced by the Roman type forms, the "y" was retained, though at first the "e" was placed above the line and thus a distinction between "ye" and "the" was maintained. Later the "e" dropped down to the line, and "ye" was for a long time used by printers for "the"; there are some writers who still use it as an abbreviated form of "the" without realizing whence they got it.

The "short and" is a monogram of "et" used by the mediæval scribes, of which the earliest type founders made use. It is further corrupted into the plus sign +. It was in the early printing offices that it gained the name of "ampersand," which is a corruption of "and-per-se-and" or "and-by-itself-and."

ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL.

Sevanee, Tenn., Jan. 5, 1914.

#### MILTON'S "STARRE-YPOINTED PYRAMID."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I will put a few facts before your readers which will dispose once and for all of the imaginations of your correspondent Mr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum, as expressed in your issue of November 16 last.

In my unique library are quite a number of books in which engravings of a Beacon will be found to inform those capable of understanding that Bacon is the real author of works to which his name has not yet been attached. But as I am now dealing with Milton's Epitaph, I will refer only to the engraving which shows a Pyramid,—a Beacon, a Bacon,—upon which is inscribed "Holy-Relique," with the meaning of literary works which are described as "these Divine pure Beauties of the Minde." All writers are agreed that "Paradise Lost" shows that Milton was much indebted to "Joshua Sylvester's Translation of Du Bartas, His Divine Weekes and Wordes," which was first published in 1605. In this book we find on B2 (a page which appears to have no possible connection with Sylvester's work) a Pyramid, a Beacon, a Bacon, surmounted by a pheon (the heraldic name for an engrailed broad arrow), which is the arms of Sir Philip Sidney. Below this on the pyramid itself is Bacon's crest, the Wild Boar, in the proper heraldic attitude. But round its neck is a cord with a slip-knot to show us that it is a "Hanged-Hog," which Mrs. Quickly, on the first page 53 in the First Folio of the Shakespeare plays (1623), tells us means "Bacon," the reason why being supplied in the 36th of Bacon's Apophthegms first printed in 1671. This Hanged-Hog is, however, clothed in a porcupine's skin (Sidney's crest is a porcupine). Below this is a set of verses which are printed so as to follow the outline of the pyramid. They are as follows:

"ENGLAND'S Apelles (rather OUR APOLLO)  
WORLD'S-wonder SIDNEY, that rare more-than-man,  
This LOVELY VENUS first to LIMNE beganne,

With such a FENCILL as no FENNE dares follow:  
How then should I in Wit and Art so shallow,  
Attempt the Task which yet none other can?  
Far be the thought that mine unlearned hand  
His heavenly Labour should so much unhallow,  
Yet least (that Holy RELIQUE being shrin'd  
In some High-Place, close lockt from common light)  
My Country-men should bee debar'd the sight  
Of these DIVINE pure Beauties of the Minde:  
Not daring meddle with APOLLOS TABLE  
This have I muddled as my MUSE was able."

To the uninformed these words seem to be addressed to Sidney, whose name appears in large capital letters in the centre. The poem is, however, a grand panegyric on Bacon. It commences with "England's Apelles" and "apelles" means "without a skin." We must therefore skin off the pheon and lo! a Beacon, a Bacon, stands revealed; and we must skin off the porcupine's quills from the "Hanged-Hog" and again we see that "Bacon" stands revealed. We therefore perceive that we are told that Bacon wrote under the skin, the garment, the weed, the disguise, the pseudonym of Sidney. This fact is likewise revealed in various books in my library. Then we read "This lovely Venus first to limne began." This refers to Bacon's "Venus & Adonis," which he says is "the first heire of my invention." Scholars never guessed that the real meaning of this is that it is the first heir of his invention of the pseudonym William Shakespeare. But to explain half of the meaning of this wonderful pyramid would take far too much of your space. Suffice it to point out that in these verses we find "Holy-Relique" with the meaning of "literary works,"—"these Divine pure Beauties of the Minde," exactly as Milton in his Epitaph uses "hallow'd Reliques" with the meaning of the plays, etc.

If your readers will carefully study Milton's Epitaph, which commences,

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,  
The labour of an Age, in piled stones  
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid  
Under a starre-y-pointed Pyramid?  
Dear Sonne of Memory, great Heire of Fame,  
What needst thou such dull witness of thy Name?"

they cannot fail to perceive that it is cunningly composed from the Pyramid in Sylvester, and from the opening lines of "Love's Labour's Lost," which are as under:

"Let Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live registered upon our brazen Tombes,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death:  
When spite of cormorant devouring Time,  
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy:  
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,  
And make us heyres of all eternitie."

It is all exceedingly simple when you know. Indeed, as Milton clearly tells us, we ought to have sense enough to see the Mighty Author in his works, without it being necessary to place upon his Hallowed Reliques, "the Divine pure Beauties of the Minde," "the Immortal Plays," the dull witness of a Beacon (a Bacon) to tell us what was his Name.

We must remember that although the Householder of Stratford died in 1616, the real author "Bacon" was alive in 1623, and therefore no Epitaph appeared in the First Folio of the Plays. Bacon, however, died in 1626, and accordingly his Epitaph appeared in the Second Folio (1632), with Milton's marvellously clear revelation that he was "Shakespeare."

EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE.

London, England, Dec. 24, 1913.

### The New Books.

#### FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.\*

For half a century or more the name of Florence Nightingale, the angel of mercy to wounded soldiers in the Crimean War, was as the name of a mythological character or a mediæval saint about whom all sorts of fables and traditions had clustered, and of whose real personality it was difficult to form any clear conception unless one belonged to the favored few admitted to the invalid chamber whence for forty-five years she scarcely stirred. References to her in contemporary memoirs, with an occasional inadequate sketch of her life, would appear from time to time; but for years before her death in the summer of 1910 there was only the vaguest popular impression whether she was still living, and, if so, where, and what were the things that interested her in her retirement, if indeed she was still capable of cherishing any interests whatever. Now, however, with Sir Edward Cook's two-volume "Life of Florence Nightingale" before one, it becomes plainly evident that the founder of modern nursing, one of the most heroic characters of her time, or of all time, was a very human mortal and a very womanly woman; that she had a wealth of mental and moral endowment that fitted her to excel in any one of many callings she might have chosen; and that the choice she did finally make was not arrived at without spiritual and intellectual conflict of the sharpest sort, and opposition from family and friends and public opinion such as it required the most resolute will to overcome.

In this day and generation, when a young woman's decision to become a trained nurse excites as little comment as does a young man's choice of medicine as a profession, it is well-nigh impossible to imagine the formidable front of popular disapproval encountered by a gently-nurtured girl who, three-quarters of a century ago, dared to entertain a longing to give her life to the service of the sick in hospitals. The impropriety of such a course seemed more shocking, in some respects, than to go on the stage. That a woman of Miss Nightingale's position and antecedents should have, with all her other notable qualities, both the desire to devote herself to so unheard-of a cause and the tenacity of purpose to realize her desire, marks her as a

character well worthy of more than a cursory study; and in the two ample volumes of the present biography will be found sufficient descriptive and autobiographic material to place the reader on a footing of rather intimate acquaintance with her richly gifted personality.

Born on the twentieth day of May, 1820, in the city that gave her her baptismal name, Florence Nightingale enjoyed from the beginning all the advantages that wealth, culture, the best society, and frequent travel could confer. Her father, a serious-minded gentleman of leisure, took an active interest in his two daughters' education, and records remain of the school-room tasks he set them. Miss Nightingale's early notebooks show that before she was out of her teens she had acquired some mastery of Latin and Greek, that she had analyzed the "Tusculan Disputations," translated parts of the "Phædo," the "Crito," and the "Apology," studied Roman, German, Italian, and Turkish history, and critically dissected Dugald Stewart's "Philosophy of the Human Mind." Mathematics also engaged her interest and claimed many hours of earnest application. She took music-lessons in Florence, and in London pursued these studies under German and Italian masters, acquiring some proficiency in both singing and playing, attending the opera with passionate enjoyment, and becoming, as she expressed it, "music-mad." In fact, so varied and also so pronounced were her successive or simultaneous enthusiasms that, so far as one can see, there was no reason why, with a little tipping of the balance at any time, she might not have distinguished herself as a writer, a musician, a classical scholar, an Egyptologist, a society leader, a follower of the religious life, or a model wife and mother. Temptations and aptitudes were not wanting in all these and probably still other directions, but nothing seemed permanently worth while that did not tend to the alleviation of the hard lot of suffering humanity. "I feel my sympathies are with Ignorance and Poverty," she wrote to a friend in 1846. "My imagination is so filled with the misery of this world that the only thing in which to labour brings any return, seems to me helping and sympathizing *there*; and all that poets sing of the glories of this world appears to me untrue: all the people I see are eaten up with care or poverty or disease." Three years later, when she was doing charity work in London, she wrote in her diary these significant words:

"Ought not one's externals to be as nearly as possible an incarnation of what life really is? Life is not a

\*THE LIFE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. By Sir Edward Cook. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

green pasture and a still water, as our homes make it. Life is to some a forty days' fasting, moral or physical, in the wilderness; to some it is a fainting under the carrying of the cross; to some it is a crucifixion; to all, a struggle for truth, for safety. Life is seen in a much truer form in London than in the country. In an English country place everything that is painful is so carefully removed out of sight, behind those fine trees, to a village three miles off. In London, at all events if you open your eyes, you cannot help seeing in the next street that life is not as it has been made for you. You cannot get out of a carriage at a party without seeing what is in the faces making the lane on either side, and without feeling tempted to rush back and say, 'Those are my brothers and sisters.'

Again and again her family and friends exerted themselves in vain to win back Florence Nightingale to the safe and comfortable conventions of her social station, and every fresh trial left her increasingly dissatisfied with the hollowness and heartlessness and sham that seemed all-sufficient to those about her. At last, when she had attained the comparative maturity and confidence of thirty-one years, she succeeded in making her will prevail. She gained admission as a nurse at the Kaiserswerth hospital founded by Pastor Fliedner, and followed up this useful apprenticeship with a term of similar service in the *Maison de la Providence* belonging to the Sisters of Charity in Paris, after which, and as her last work before entering upon her great undertaking in the East, she acted as superintendent of an "Establishment for Gentlewomen during Illness," in Upper Harley Street, London. The autumn of 1854 brought a call to larger and more self-sacrificing usefulness, and it was promptly answered. As head of a small volunteer band of nurses, Miss Nightingale left home for the distant seat of war, and there displayed professional and administrative abilities that won the applause of the world. In addition to prostrating illness and other interruptions to the prosecution of her great work, there were the vexations of official hostility to her beneficent activities, and all the petty annoyance of red tape and a multitude of miscellaneous worriments. Her biographer gives a glimpse of these discouraging conditions in the following passage:

"Miss Nightingale's work in the Crimea was attended by ceaseless worry. She had to fight her way into full authority. She knew that she would win, but her enemies were active, and were for the moment in possession of the field. 'There is not an official,' she said, 'who would not burn me like Joan of Arc if he could, but they know that the War Office cannot turn me out because the country is with me.' She was beset with jealousies in the Crimea, both in military and in medical quarters; and to make matters worse, religious,

and even racial animosities mixed themselves up in the disputes. Lord Raglan, who believed in her and always supported her, was now dead; and by some strange omission, the instructions which had been sent to him from London at the time of her original appointment were unknown to his successors in the command."

She returned to England hopelessly shattered in health, and from an invalid's chair entered upon that long and noble labor for the reform of nursing and sanitation methods to which her field experiences in the Crimea had been only a starting point.

Of these later philanthropic labors, and her many writings in furtherance of the causes that claimed her aid, there is here no space to give even a brief account. Let us rather present a picture of her in her London home, in South Street, when the more memorable achievements of her heroic life were over and she was entering upon the philosophic calm of her honored old age. After referring to her brilliance in conversation and to Madame Mohl's description of her talk as "most nourishing," the author continues:

"But for the most part Miss Nightingale's talk was rather earnest, inquiring, sometimes searching, than sparkling or eloquent. 'She is worse than a Royal Commission to answer,' said Colonel Yule; 'and, in the most gracious, charming manner possible, immediately finds out all I do n't know.' Younger visitors sometimes felt in awe of her; she could flash out a searching question upon a rash generalization as formidably as Mr. Gladstone himself. She was interested in everything except what was trivial. Her intellectual vitality was remarkable; visitors who knew nothing of her special interests or pursuits were yet delighted by the stimulating freshness of her talk. . . . The humour which was characteristic of Miss Nightingale came more readily perhaps to her pen than to her tongue; but she always enjoyed a joke in conversation—even, as we have heard already from one of her nursing friends, at her own expense. Sometimes she was teasing. A High Church young lady once went to South Street. She was delighted with her interview, but Miss Nightingale, she said, 'laughed at High Church curates a good deal: she said they had no foreheads.' She sometimes quizzed even her greatest friends. She used to talk with humorous indignation of Mr. Jowett's God as a 'man-jelly,' in contrast with the future life of work which she looked forward to."

For the preparation of this full and authoritative account of a most notable and noble life the author has had placed at his disposal by Miss Nightingale's executors the great mass of correspondence preserved by her, and also many other papers of hers, while her numerous published writings have of course contributed much of value. Portraits, bibliography, and index are not lacking to the book's equipment. It is in every respect an excellent and unusually important work.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.



## GUIDES TO THE CONTEMPORARY DRAMA.\*

What with the publication of plays in book form, the "readings" innumerable from stage successes of present and earlier seasons, the tabloid reproductions of the "movies," the dramatic gossip and digests and criticisms of the newspapers and magazines, and the critical and appreciative works on the drama, the dweller of to-day in village or hamlet may know as much of the theatre as his metropolitan cousin. The books by Mr. Andrews and Professor Burton belong to an ever-increasing list of works on things dramatic, and provide guides, one to the modern British and American drama, the other to the American only. Both are admirably adapted for those who read more often than they see plays. Quite pertinently, therefore, Mr. Andrews warns his readers that "modern plays should be read as plays, with the eye of the imagination fixed upon their actual performance, and not measured by old-fashioned literary standards." The student of the drama will not find in either volume any very fresh material. Indeed, Mr. Andrews frankly admits that "little effort has been made to shed any new light upon the topics discussed; the attempt has been rather to present in small compass accurate general information as to the leaders of the modern stage and their work, and to offer, in passing, some opinions as to the prospects and tendencies of dramatic art in our day." Mr. Burton's somewhat more pretentious aim is "to put before the reader in synthetic fashion the native movement of our time in drama, placing emphasis upon what seem significant tendencies and illustrative personalities." Not only has each author lived up to his professions, but each has produced a well ordered and highly readable book.

Both writers preface their main treatment by chapters on the general matter of the drama, with discussion more or less familiar even to the bucolic lover of the theatre,—as, for instance, the eternal subject of giving the people what they want, the matter of morals, the spread of interest in the theatre, the "tired business man," and the Syndicate, in Mr. Burton's book; and a set of definitions covering dramatic types, plot, characterization, and stage conventions, in Mr. Andrews's work. Mr. Burton gives a hasty sketch of the earlier American drama, merely to lead up to the present. Mr. Andrews has a

chapter on realism and the literary drama, corresponding to Mr. Burton's on the poetic drama, which latter is one of the sub-topics of his main treatment.

The discussion as to whether there is or should be such a thing to-day as the literary drama, seems to be largely due to a confusion of terms. There is a tendency to regard "literary" and "poetic" as synonymous expressions, and to conceive of literary drama only as that which is decked out in the flowing robes of blank verse. There is surely no need of falling back upon Mr. Andrews's comfortable doctrine: "The best way out of the difficulty is to acknowledge what grows more obvious day by day, that drama, perhaps beginning in, or at least early combining with, literature, has evolved into a separate art, still relying on literary elements, doubtless, but by no means exclusively, or even principally." Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's statement seems much more reasonable:

"If you have faithfully and searchingly studied your fellow-citizens; if you have selected from amongst them those characters that are interesting in themselves, and that also possess an enduring human interest; if, in studying these interesting personalities, you have severely selected, from the mass of their sayings and doings and impulses, those words and deeds and tendencies which mark them at once as individuals and as types; if you have then recast and reimagined all the materials; if you have cunningly shaped them into a story of progressive and accumulative action; if you have done all this, though you may not have used a single word but what is spoken in ordinary American intercourse to-day, I will venture to say that you have written a piece of live American literature,—that is, you have written something that will not only be interesting on the boards of the theatre, but that can be read with pleasure in your library; can be discussed, argued about, tested, and digested as literature."

As Mr. Andrews epitomizes all this, "truly literary drama is essentially neither poetical nor rhetorical, but simply good drama—drama raised to the *n*th power." It is not a matter of verse form; dialogue wanting the accomplishment of verse may be as fully charged with poetic spirit as some dialogue not in that form,—as anyone can illustrate at his pleasure from Shakespeare or any other really literary dramatist. Indeed, Lear's faltering cry,

"Do not laugh at me,  
For as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia,"

is as simple as anything in prose dialogue, and as far removed from the exalted blank verse which in the popular mind is associated with the poetic drama as is the veriest prose of a modern play, and yet it is the quintessence of poetry. The real difference between such dialogue and

\*THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY. By Charlton Andrews. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE NEW AMERICAN DRAMA. By Richard Burton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.



that of the poetic play of to-day is in the degree to which common speech has been raised,—in the one case to the *n*th power, in the other to the square. Goldsmith and Sheridan wrote literary dramas, as did Congreve and Farquhar; but they did not use blank verse or any other poetic form. That poetic drama, strictly so called, is not always dramatic—or, for that matter, always poetic—does not argue against the essential verity of the type. Mr. MacKaye, Miss Peabody (whom Mr. Burton triply designates as “Peabody,” “Miss Peabody,” and “Mrs. Marks,” to the confusion of the unsophisticated reader), and Mr. Stephen Phillips have made brave beginnings, which it is reasonable enough to suppose will lead to even greater accomplishment. There is nothing inherently impossible in Wall Street’s finding voice in a poetic drama; already we are hearing of the “romance of Wall Street.” After Mr. MacKaye’s “To-morrow,” a fairly successful drama, throughout suggestive of the poetic, on the subject of eugenics, nothing is impossible to a dramatist with the gift of poetic expression. Of course, the poetic drama cannot be written by a playwright whose genius runs only to scissors and paste. Mr. Burton has faith in the future of the poetic drama,—he says he “must disagree with those who hold that verse is no longer acceptable in our modern theatre and particularly *de trop* in ‘practical America.’” The whole discussion parallels the dispute as to whether Pope is a poet or not.

Mr. Andrews’s criticisms of plays and playwrights are, on the whole, discerning and just. Occasionally in his desire to say as much as possible in the fewest words he appears superficial and even unfair. Thus he remarks of Mr. Mackaye’s “To-morrow” that “the central situation wherein the hero, to save the heroine from her infatuation for the unwholesome lover she has selected, hurls him over a cliff into the sea . . . does not grow at all logically out of the characters.” Why not? This act is but the explosion of the volcano in the hero’s breast, which was mentioned earlier, and surely the motive for this explosion was furnished in the events. Likewise when Mr. Andrews says of Mr. Galsworthy’s “The Pigeon” that it shows “the futility of charity for the submerged tenth,” he ignores what is really back of the resultant fact, that social conditions have reduced the submerged tenth to a state where such lenitive measures as charity fail to remedy the disease; the depth to which the evil has sunk into the social state is the subject of the play. So again,

Mr. Andrews does not do justice to Synge’s “In the Shadow of the Glen” when he says, in briefly outlining the plot of the play: “Luckily there is a tramp at hand, who carries her [the wife] away with him.” The tramp is the actual embodiment of the liberty that the woman has all her life longed for and that her husband has denied her; now it comes to her, and in a sweep of feeling she sees in the tramp a messenger from a better and a brighter world. Nor does “Riders to the Sea” merely depict “the quiet sorrow of a mother whose six sons have one by one become the victims of the remorseless sea.” It portrays the utter desolation which overtakes a woman when all hope and all fear are gone together. Curiously in this treatment of Synge there is no mention of “Deirdre of the Sorrows,” that most poignant of all his plays, the one which gives him his greatest claim to immortality.

Both Mr. Burton and Mr. Andrews have fine hopes for the future of the American drama now in its infancy, and a constant faith born of knowledge. The significant fact emphasized by both men is the constant endeavor of American dramatists to be true to American conditions,—no longer to forage afield for plots but to get them at home, where they exist so abundantly. And Mr. Burton admirably shows how well the young dramatist is exploring these fertile regions,—the fields of American business life, of social conditions, of humor, of romance, of sheer idealism. There is a search for an idea, not a mere patching together of a set of scenes that will make out an evening’s entertainment for a jaded intellect. Mr. Burton, with splendid confidence in the future, declares that “the higher instinct is astir, as never before; that more intelligent activity has begun; that the well-wishers of the theatre are everywhere fast consolidating for effective work of many kinds.”

JAMES W. TUPPER.

#### SOCIAL INSURANCE.\*

It is a whimsical complaint of old-fashioned persons that in these latter days the reciprocal relations of parent and child have been turned topsy-turvy. When we were children, much was made of filial duties; the duties of parent to child were for the most part beyond the scope of the moralists’ scheme. Nowadays we hear much of parental duties; but the duties of children to their parents are vanishing from the

\*SOCIAL INSURANCE. With Special Reference to American Conditions. By I. M. Rubinow. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

moral codes. A similar revolution is taking place in the reciprocal relations of State and citizen, society and the individual. In books not fifty years old the expression "social duties" means the obligations of the individual to society. To-day it means just the reverse: the obligations of society to the individual. The old-fashioned citizen was supposed to exist, ethically, for the State; the new-fashioned State is supposed to exist for the citizen. In former days, he was a coward and a traitor who was unwilling to die for the State, if such sacrifice were demanded. The contemporary State may perish under the weight of the burdens social reformers would place upon it; but in the bright light of to-day it is clear that there is no worthier end for the State.

As a people we have not yet become fully adjusted to this new order of ideas. American life has been prevailingly rural; and agriculture, so we are told by the economic interpreters of the human soul, creates a patriarchal habit of mind. American thought has, further, been powerfully influenced by the accessibility of a frontier of no-man's land, where the young and strong and resolute might build homes and fortunes, where the weak and vacillating might beat crooked paths leading nowhere, after the patterns of their souls. Hence an individualism developed, which was not confined to a prosperous middle class, as in England and other countries of Europe, but permeated all levels of old American society. The pioneer American viewed his good fortune complacently as the product of his own unaided exertions, even though he did, with feigned modesty, impute it to his good luck, or gave perfunctory thanks to God for it. In misfortune he cursed his luck; but the first shock over, he "took his medicine," and set resolutely about reconstructing his hopes. And if the misfortune involved his death, he closed his eyes in the pride of dying "with his boots on."

We have travelled far from those brave days of individualism; but their spirit still haunts us. In an abstract way we know that the conditions of American life are rapidly becoming assimilated to those of the Old World, and that consequently the institutions that recommend themselves to the Old World should recommend themselves to us also. The Old World has found it necessary for the State to assume a constantly increasing portion of the burden of accident, disease, old age, and unemployment. Superficial historians have informed us that this movement received its impetus from Bismarck's

attempts to "back-fire" Socialism; but this, as Dr. Rubinow proves conclusively, is an error. Social insurance in Europe grew out of the conditions of modern industrialism; consequently we know that it must develop in America also. With most American students, however, support of social insurance is still a matter of intellectual conviction, not a matter of feeling,—a fact that manifests itself in the colorless character of their writings. Such writings have not been lacking in number or in scientific merit, but we had nothing approaching a spirited and authoritative treatment of social insurance until Dr. Rubinow published his important work.

Dr. Rubinow's qualifications for the composition of a work of this kind are numerous. He was born in Russia, and emigrated to America in his eighteenth year. Since his arrival in this country he has lived, for the most part, in the centres of industry and commerce of the Atlantic seaboard, and thus has been kept immune from the old American spirit of individualism. He is a highly trained statistician—one of the best of the country,—and possesses an indefatigable zeal for research. For three years he was employed as a statistical expert in the United States Bureau of Labor, and devoted his entire time to the preparation of the Report of the Commissioner of Labor on "Workmen's Insurance and Compensation Systems in Europe." Further, Dr. Rubinow is a propagandist by instinct; it is his ideal to produce a convincing argument, not a scientific treatise of an exhaustive and stupefying character. Accordingly, while the scientific quality of his book is unimpeachable, this is not its chief merit. What especially distinguishes the work is the keen interest it excites. The mass of facts presented is enormous, but the material is so well organized that even the reader who prides himself upon his contempt for facts will cry "More!" The book will be welcomed by the trained economist as the most competent treatment of the subject in English—and the most convenient treatment in any language. The general reader should welcome it still more warmly as the one work that provides him with all the elements necessary for a rational opinion on this important subject.

What do we know of the need for social insurance in the United States? Very little. For many years the subject of industrial accidents has been prominent in public discussion, but we do not know even the number of such accidents. Dr. Rubinow estimates the annual number of fatal accidents at 30,000,—about a third more

than occur in the whole of Europe. The number of accidents resulting in permanent disabilities he estimates at 200,000, of which 60,000 are mutilations. To these may be added temporary disabilities lasting three months or more, estimated at 170,000. Such figures convey little meaning to the mind, but we shall understand them better if we translate them into terms of a war of the machine upon our own workmen, a war vastly more destructive of life, vastly more fruitful in suffering, than the war of factions across the Rio Grande.

Still less do we know of the extent in which our working class is afflicted with diseases originating in the conditions of their employment. The money loss from industrial disease must be enormous. Dr. Rubinow estimates it at \$650,000,000. Whatever the worth of the estimate, all will agree that such figures tend to minimize rather than exaggerate the extent of the evil. What is lost is not a few hundred millions that might have been spent for comforts and luxuries, but medicine and nursing for a million invalids, bread and clothing for a million little children.

Everyone is familiar with the pathetic spectacle of the superannuated workman, forced to eat the bitter bread of charity, or by right of kin to place the burden of his support upon the frail budget of some workingman's household. How many of them are there in the United States? We do not know. In thrifty France fifty-seven per cent of all persons seventy years of age and over qualified in 1910 for pensions to aged dependents. In England seventy-five per cent of the same age group are now receiving pensions, by title of need. Even in agricultural New Zealand and Australia between thirty-five and forty per cent of all persons over sixty-five have proved their need for pensions. Dr. Rubinow accepts as conservative Squier's estimate that we have a million and a quarter of persons over sixty-five supported by charity, public and private. And these are not men who have led idle and dissolute lives; since such men do not commonly grow old. They are men whose services have merited a serene old age.

Accident, disease, and superannuation are among the inevitable incidents of human life. What is not inevitable is the destitution that so often accompanies them. We have relied upon the natural adjustment of wages to provide a fund out of which the costs of occupational risk and disease might be met. In vain; wages are not higher in dangerous and unsan-

itary trades than in others. We have relied upon private thrift to make provision for old age. Again, in vain. A great proportion of our industrial workers receive wages that barely suffice for current living. Mutual associations to meet the costs of accident and disease have been organized in every industrial country; great efforts have been made to extend the scope of their activities, but their achievements have been of slight consequence. The only solution of these problems must be attained through state action. To this conclusion Dr. Rubinow's argument must force even the reader of a decidedly individualistic habit of mind.

For all the untoward accidents of the worker's life Dr. Rubinow's formula is insurance, with the costs borne either wholly or in part by the industry. For accidents the industry should bear the whole burden. If every 200,000 tons of coal costs a human life, surely the incidental economic loss should be borne, not by the dependents of the victim, but by the employer who profits from the mine or by the householder who buys the coal. No one will dissent from this conclusion, if such accidents are due to the fault of the employer, or are inevitably bound up with the industry. But suppose the accident results from the victim's own negligence. Suppose it results from his intoxication. Dr. Rubinow regards all inquiry into the distribution of blame as vicious. The employer has a right to dismiss careless and dissipated workmen. This, Dr. Rubinow argues, is the proper penalty, not forfeiture of accident benefits.

For the protection of the worker against the costs of sickness, Dr. Rubinow supports the plan whereby the employer and employee both contribute to the expense of insurance. It is obvious that in so far as sickness arises out of occupational conditions, there is every reason why indemnification should be at the expense of the employer, or, in the last analysis, of the industry. It is worthy of note, however, that Dr. Rubinow makes no attempt to distribute the cost between employer and employee on such a basis. His criterion of excellence is solely one of the proportionate sharing of the cost: the more the employer pays the better the system.

For the relief of old age, two methods are employed,—insurance as typified in the German system, and pensions as typified in the British system. Most individualists prefer the plan of insurance, since it places at least a part of the burden on the beneficiary, and hence savors less of charity. Dr. Rubinow prefers this plan



also, but for different reasons. By the insurance plan the employer can be made to contribute, and thus each industry is saddled with superannuation costs, as well as with the costs of sickness and accident. Furthermore, this plan admits of differentiation. The highly paid worker receives a larger superannuation benefit than the ill paid worker; and thus differences in standards may be maintained even in old age. To the reviewer neither argument seems cogent. If we should penalize an industry for exposing its workers to accident and disease, there seems to be no good reason why we should penalize it for permitting them to survive to old age. It cannot be said that it is the exploitation of the laborer by the industry employing him that is chiefly responsible for his arriving at old age in penury. Low wages may have the effect of increasing the profits of an industry, or they may have the effect of cheapening its products; in the latter case the responsibility for exploitation is diffused throughout society. Furthermore, exploitation may take the form, not of low wages, but of a low purchasing power of money, resulting from the acts of the retailer who gives short weight and charges full price; the landlord who extorts the highest profits from the poorest tenements, the State which levies the heaviest burdens upon its weakest citizens. Where the responsibility begins and ends no one knows; it is therefore unreasonable to apportion the burden in any other way than through ordinary taxation.

As for the differentiation of benefits, we may accept the plan as desirable in case of temporary disability, through accident or sickness. If the skilled laborer is temporarily disabled, he should not be forced down to the standard of the unskilled laborer, lest he accept such a standard and lose motive for regaining his former earning power. This ground for differentiation of insurance benefits is wanting in the case of old age. Here it would appear wisest to assure a reasonable minimum of subsistence to all the aged; if any persons desire higher standards in old age than others, let them be free to establish such standards through their personal thrift. Because a man has once belonged to an aristocracy of labor is no good reason why the State should constitute for his benefit an aristocracy of the superannuated.

But what of the stigma of charity, if all are pensioned alike? Dr. Rubinow, like the individualists, supposes that the pension system necessarily implies an inquiry into the means of the pensioners, and the limitation of benefits

to the very poor. It is doubtful whether such limitation is advisable. If three-fourths of the aged in Great Britain are able to qualify for pensions under the present act, four-fifths, at least, are so poor that a truly just State would pension them. Of the remaining fifth, who do not need the pension, some would doubtless apply for it and receive it. This, however, is a matter of no great importance; if the aged rich demand their stipend, the State can later recover the funds through an inheritance tax. Such costs as would result from an all-embracing pension scheme would be amply compensated by the removal from the pensioner of the stigma of charity.

A combination of insurance and pensions appears to be the only adequate means of meeting the just claims of labor under modern industrialism. This is the view of Dr. Rubinow; and we may accept it, reserving the right to retrace for ourselves the boundary line between the two systems. With the assumption by the State of such a relation to labor, the economic distress now attendant upon personal misfortune would be much abated. Would the incentive to personal industry and thrift disappear? No; the State can never guarantee more than a minimum; all the motives that spur men on to attain a position of superiority would remain. Would the springs of charity be dried up, with the disappearance of hopeless poverty? No; private charity would have abundant field for exercise in assistance to those who are seeking to rise from a lower to a higher plane. There is reason to believe that the sight of the irremediable poverty of those who are permanently incapacitated tends to produce callousness, rather than to call forth charity. Private charity thrives when it may help men to help themselves; and opportunity for such charity will always remain. Will the burden crush the State? No. There is no modern State which could not assume it, and still raise revenues ample for all its legitimate needs in time of peace. But the burden will none the less be heavy—so heavy that no State that has once assumed it will seek to enter upon competition with its neighbors in the arming of men or the building of forts or Dreadnoughts.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S "Hail and Farewell—Vale!" the concluding volume of the three which he has devoted to his reminiscences of Ireland, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Appleton. It is understood that the author deals even more faithfully with some of his contemporaries than in the former volumes.



## MORE KNOWLEDGE OF THE UNKNOWABLE.\*

Although M. Maeterlinck's new book, "Our Eternity," is of much interest, it would be an impervious worshipper who could assert on reading it that the "poet of mysticism" speaks with the same authority when he turns out-and-out philosopher as when he remains at home enveloped in mystic vapors.

The chapters on "The Theosophical Hypothesis" and "The Neospiritualistic Hypothesis" are admirable, on the whole, for their adequacy of treatment and for their fairness. A spiritist could not object to the author's leniency; and at the same time a skeptic would find his analysis rigorous enough. This part of the book is valuable to the honest inquirer who lacks time to go through the wealth, or wilderness, of spiritistic evidence,—indeed, it is the only part that possesses absolute value to a fact-seeker and positive thinker.

The key to the whole is in this final sentence: "In any case, I would not wish my worst enemy, were his understanding a thousandfold loftier and a thousandfold mightier than mine, to be condemned eternally to inhabit a world of which he had surprised an essential secret and of which, as a man, he had begun to grasp the least atom."

Maeterlinck as a mystic naturally wishes the world to be the greatest conceivable mystery—the greater the better for mysticism, which loves to lose itself in an "O Altitude." It would seem that he had a slight suspicion that in this age of super-active inquiry someone was likely to surprise a small secret from the universe, and he writes his book in the attempt to head off such a catastrophe. He rejects all possible solutions, including the religious ones, with a dogmatism not supported by completeness of logic or evidence; and the conclusion is the most unsettled and agnostic imaginable, except in one vital point,—the absolute certainty with which he endows his negative conclusions. Knowing so little of the universe as Maeterlinck pretends to know, it ought to be clear to him that he cannot know that it is impossible to know anything. Perhaps anything and everything is true,—than which I can conceive of no greater mystery. The secret of the universe may be too simple and near for the philosopher; it may be that the random and hazy notion of the man in the street is right; it may be that every good and every bad instinct, every good and every bad

world-view, is a true interpretation. This would appear to come nearer the meaning of an earlier and wiser book of Maeterlinck's, "The Treasure of the Humble." At any cost to his pet theory, Maeterlinck should not commit logical suicide by condemning any, even the absurdest, hypothesis. But this is the common squirrel-cage in which all agnostics revolve.

I cite two instances of assumptions that no one should make,—certainly not an agnostic. This is the first:

"Total annihilation is impossible. We are the prisoners of an infinity without outlet, wherein nothing perishes, wherein everything is dispersed, but nothing lost. . . . To be able to do away with a thing, that is to say, to fling it into nothingness, nothingness would have to exist; and if it exists, under whatever form, it is no longer nothingness."

With the indefensible remark that "total annihilation is impossible" the author assumes that he has disposed of one of the "four and no more" solutions. For argument he creates a concrete "nothingness" into which he says matter would have to be flung. But is it not possible to conceive of a species of annihilation whereby consciousness ceases? Consciousness is a stream, as seen by modern psychologists, existing not in space but in time. So it may stop. The consciousness of wicked people, who have not worked out a soul worthy of everlasting life,—why should it not "cease upon the midnight, with no pain" rather than go on to vitiate the cosmic consciousness? Without doubt, that is an imaginable view, and one that may hereafter gain some standing.

The second assumption is seen in the following extracts:

"I repeat, if we do not admit that thousands of worlds, similar in all points to our own, in spite of the billions of adverse chances, have always existed and still exist to-day, we are sapping the foundations of the only possible conception of the universe or of infinity."

"Whatever the ultimate truth may be, whether we admit the abstract, absolute and perfect infinity—the changeless, immovable infinity which has attained perfection and which knows everything, to which our reason tends—or whether we prefer that offered to us by the evidence, undeniable here below, of our senses—the infinity which seeks itself, which is still evolving and not yet established—it behoves us above all to foresee in it our fate, which, for that matter, must in either case end by absorption in that very infinity."

In all this it will be noticed that the author is very certain of infinity. To be sure, in the second quotation, there are two kinds of infinity, but we are forced to accept one or the other. The suspicion that the universe may not be infinite never crosses his mind. Yet finity

\*OUR ETERNITY. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated from the French by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

is not unthinkable; in fact there are certain mathematical considerations that make it more and more worthy of examination. The orthodox argument for infinity, that it is impossible to conceive of finity, Poe shattered in his "Eureka" long ago. As between impossibles, he said, there can be no greater or lesser. Finiteness and infinity are two incomprehensibles; it would be silly to risk our all on the one before we have fully investigated the other. Yet in this book of Maeterlinck's, "finity" is assumed out of court: the word is only a counter wherewith to define infinity.

One curious and striking hint of the drift of current thought is the indifference with which the author regards religion, and the utter negligibility which he assigns to its solution.

"Let us lose no time in putting from our minds all that the positive religions have left there. Let us remember only that it is not for us to prove that they are not proved, but for them to establish that they are true."

"If this God punishes us for not having blindly followed a faith that does not force itself irresistibly upon the intelligence which He gave us; if He chastises us for not having made, in the presence of the great enigma with which He confronts us, a choice which is rejected by that best and most divine part which He has implanted in us, we have nothing left to reply; we are the dupes of a cruel and incomprehensible sport, we are the victims of a terrible snare and an immense injustice; and whatever the torments wherewith that injustice may load us, they will be less intolerable than the eternal presence of its author."

Of all the javelins hurled against the various "solutions," this against religion is the deadliest. It will come as a shock to the devout churchman who knows that Maeterlinck has much of the prophet in him and is hailed by many as the most important of living writers. It will of course occasion little surprise to the student of the signs of the times. Many straws have been blowing in that direction, and recently have come some mighty puffs from such widely different men as Alfred Russel Wallace, George Santayana, and Rudolph Eucken. Socialism has long been blowing a hot breath against the cold and senseless pillars of an institutional religion. However, it is worthy of more than passing interest for anyone to find mysticism and religion at such odds.

"It is well to acquire by degrees the habit of understanding nothing." If we interpret this statement generously enough, there is much pith and poetry hidden herein. Mysticism and wonder are fine cures for the weariness of a blasé intellect.

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER.

#### THE STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE'S STAGECRAFT: A CLIMAX.\*

Professor Brander Matthews is well qualified, in certain respects, to be the judicial summer-up of that busy study of the Elizabethan stage and Shakespeare's stagecraft which has been in progress for some years. His new book wears a climactic air. But while fully appreciating its several excellences, one must also feel that the work as a whole fails to present adequately the Shakespeare one finds either in reading the plays or in watching them presented on the stage. One explanation is that the author endeavors, consciously or not, to fulfil two purposes which, when looked into, reveal themselves as cross-purposes. Primarily, as he himself suggests, the book "is a study of his [Shakespeare's] stagecraft." But it pursues also, and from a critical standpoint, Shakespeare's general dramatic development, taking up the plays in roughly chronological order † and presenting a characterization of each. This method of procedure the author was led to adopt partly, as he intimates, by the analogy of his earlier critical biography of Molière; and perhaps partly also by the predilection, widespread at the present time, for tracing the "evolution" of Shakespeare, as of other organisms.

The case of Molière, however, presents a problem quite different from that presented by his great predecessor; and on the whole easier. Furthermore, Professor Matthews's original contribution, in the case of Shakespeare—or more exactly, the extent to which he has fused old and new ideas about Shakespeare in the heat of an original treatment—is not sufficient to justify so ambitious a review of the general subject; especially as this subject had already been handled, after much the same fashion, in Professor Baker's book on Shakespeare as a dramatist. And finally, Shakespeare's stagecraft, in so far as it may be distinguished from his art *in toto*, is after all a thing of particulars. It may therefore be best presented after a method analogous to that in which Professor Moulton treated Shakespeare's story-weaving artistry: namely, through a scientific analysis of underlying principles, illustrated by a de-

\*SHAKESPEARE AS A PLAYWRIGHT. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† On pages 85 and 89 it is stated, as though an ascertained fact, that Shakespeare finished "Titus Andronicus" before writing his four early comedies, and these before turning to "Richard III.," "Richard II.," and "King John." It might here be added that on page 79 the parts of the lovers in "Midsummer Night's Dream" are mixed.

tailed examination of a limited number of plays. The succession of fleeting glimpses which Professor Matthews gives us of Shakespeare's work fails to open up for us its dramatic meaning.

This deficiency, to be sure, does not prevent the book's being frequently interesting and suggestive in the matter of Shakespeare's technique. The author's knowledge of the drama in general, and of Molière in particular, enables him to give us many a stimulating comparison. From his knowledge of stage history and tradition he reconstructs for us, though very hypothetically, the intimate relationship which must have existed between Shakespeare's work and the actors who originally "created" the rôles. A commonplace chapter on the Elizabethan audience is compensated for by an excellent chapter on Shakespeare's theatre and another on Shakespeare's work as reviser and imitator. The main features of these two subjects which the reader of Shakespeare can really profit by, are nicely disentangled from the mass of pointless details which investigation has piled up.

It is when the author gets farthest from those aspects of his subject which are closely related to the stage, that what he has to say is most lacking in fresh interest. For example, his discussion of the characters of Falstaff and Hamlet, which strikes the reader as distinctly digressive, is also thoroughly trite, and frequently clogged with encomiastic statements of a surprisingly conventional nature. It should here be remarked, too, that in a book which professes to deal with Shakespeare's obvious, dramatic motives, rather than with those attributed to him by critics, it is not pardonable to assert that Hamlet delays his vengeance because "some means must be found to expose the guilt of Claudius and to make his death not a mere assassination but a righteous execution." This motive is of course what Werder and other determinedly palpable critics have discovered between the lines; an audience does not feel it. Indeed, Professor Matthews not infrequently makes a quick transit from the theatre to his library, or study. For instance, we feel that his imagination is entirely with the audience when he shows us that the sublimity of "King Lear," "which stood out stark upon the Elizabethan stage, is sadly diminished, not to say obscured, by the elaborate scenery, the complicated trappings, and the multitudinous effects, with which it is perforce represented to-day." But almost every other point which he has to make concerning the sublimity of this drama has

already been better made by Professor Bradley in his volume on "Shakespearean Tragedy."

On the whole, we are indebted to Professor Matthews's work for fully demonstrating two useful truths. First, the study of Shakespeare's stagecraft will have had a corrective effect upon the currents of Shakespearean criticism—reducing some romantic bubbleblings and opening up certain shallow channels which had been neglected. Second, critical comprehension of Shakespeare's stagecraft cannot, by any means, be distended into Shakespearean criticism; since Shakespeare's most characteristic work is, after all, essentially poetic in conception, like that of Sophocles, and not merely excellent drama poetically adorned, as the naïve reader might gather from the present work. And since these two truths are just what the "Shakespearean stage movement," if it may so be called, has all along tended to demonstrate, surely Professor Matthews's book may fittingly be designated the climax of that movement. It is impossible, indeed, to conceive that the public will require still another book of the same general nature.

GEORGE ROY ELLIOTT.

#### RECENT POETRY.\*

The high hopes which we entertained twenty years ago for the career of Mr. Stephen Phillips have not been fulfilled. The poet of "Marpessa" has declined, by gradual stages, to the poet of the

\*LYRICS AND DRAMAS. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Co.

HELEN REDEEMED, and Other Poems. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A SYMPHONY, and Other Pieces. By Arthur E. J. Leggo. New York: John Lane Co.

ENGLAND'S GARLAND. By George Bartram. New York: The Macmillan Co.

APHRODITE, and Other Poems. By John Helston. New York: The Macmillan Co.

SALT-WATER BALLADS. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co.

BEGINNINGS. By Roger Heath. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

THE QUIET SPIRIT. By John Spencer Muirhead. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

KNAVE OF HEARTS. By Arthur Symonds. New York: John Lane Co.

THE LONELY DANCER, and Other Poems. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane Co.

A WAND AND STRINGS, and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Co.

ATLANTIS, and Other Poems. By Julius West. London: David Nutt.

MERCHANTS FROM CATHAY. By William Rose Benét. New York: The Century Co.

MINIONS OF THE MOON. A Little Book of Song and Story. By Madison Cawein. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co.

THE THEBAN EAGLE, and Other Poems. By Chester Allyn Reed. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

THE POEMS OF PAUL MARSHALL. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.



"Lyrics and Dramas" now published, in which volume the spontaneous lyrical quality is sadly to seek. Now and then it may still be detected, as in "An October Day":

"Through dry and hurrying leaves  
Golden our way;  
Sound of the wind, south-west  
From the wild day!

"Wild all thy loosened hair,  
Blown in my eyes;  
Till thou dost seem a part  
Of autumn skies.

"Wild from the setting sun  
Rushes the rain;  
Ah, be it true or false,  
Thy kiss again."

Mr. Phillips endeavors to be timely, but it is at the cost of being poetical, as when he says of "The Aeroplane":

"Whate'er the silly crowd enjoys,  
Our Progress is but stench and noise,  
We scream and shout and grasp but toys.  
Leave us the air!

"The earth is blackened from our eyes,  
And filled with diabolical hoots and cries,  
Spare to profane the holier skies;  
Leave us the air!"

"The Submarine" likewise proves deficient as a lyrical text:

"What clamour of old ocean-war,  
What thunder belched at Trafalgar,  
Matches in terror the unseen  
Stab of the silent Submarine?

"So, late in time has come to be  
This man-built menace of the sea;  
God gave no monster to the main  
To make the works of man so vain."

Mr. Phillips had better leave these themes to Signor Marinetti and his anarchistic gang. Most of these pieces seem tasks that the author has set himself, and the utterance is without the inner compulsion of true poetry. The "dramas" of this collection are three short pieces, not particularly significant, that occupy the latter half of the volume.

A generous half of Mr. Hewlett's new volume is taken up by "Helen Redeemed," a narrative poem in couplets, with many dramatic episodes, dealing with the siege and sack of Troy. We may illustrate its quality by a passage from the last "stave," after the stratagem of the wooden horse has made the invaders free of the city:

"But now is crying fear abroad and wins  
The very household of the shameful lover;  
Now are the streets alive, for worse in cover  
Like a trapped rat to die than fight the odds  
Under the sky. Now women shriek to the Gods,  
And men run witlessly, and in and out  
The Greeks press, burning, slaying, and the rout  
Screameth to Heaven. As at sea the mews  
Pack, their wings battling, when some fresh wreck strews  
The tideway, and in greater haste to stop  
Others from prey, will let their morsel drop,  
And all the while make harsh lament—so here  
The avid spoilers bickered in their fear

To be manœuvred out of robbery,  
And tore the spoil, and mangled shamefully  
Bodies of men to strip them, and in haste  
To forestall ravishers left the victims chaste.  
Ares, the yelling God, and Atë white  
Swept like a snow-storm over Troy that night;  
And towers rockt, and in the naked glare  
Of fire the smoke climbed to the upper air;  
And clamour was as of the dead broke loose."

Shorter poems upon classical themes—"Hypsipyle," "Oreithya," "Clytië," "The Argive Women"—follow this epic, and round out the volume, with the addition of some sonnets and epigrams. We quote the lovely sonnet, "Quel Giorno Più—":

"That day—it was the last of many days,  
Nor could we know when such days might be given  
Again—we read how Dante trod the ways  
Of utmost Hell, and how his heart was riven  
By sad Francesca, where sin was forgiven  
So far that, on her Paolo fixing gaze  
She slept on his again, and thought it Heaven,  
She knew her gentler fate and felt it praise.

"We read that lovers' tale; each lookt at each;  
But one was fearless, innocent of guile;  
So did the other learn what she could teach:  
We read no more, we kiss'd not, but a smile  
Of proud possession flash'd, hover'd a while  
'Twixt soul and soul. There was no need for speech."

"A Symphony," by Mr. Arthur E. J. Legge, is a long philosophical poem of the soul's quest for a solution of the unfathomable mystery of existence.

"The dust of his endeavour  
Is blown about the world.  
Time works to rend and sever  
The symbols that are hurled  
Down from each ruined altar  
And shattered temple roof,  
To bid devotion falter,  
And worship own reproof.  
Inscrutable and solemn  
The ironies that cling  
To splintered shaft and column  
And stone-work, harbouring  
Remembrance of the glory  
That crowned a passing creed,  
Dead chapters in the story  
Of Man's immortal need."

This extract is from the opening "andante," and is only one of the great variety of metres employed in the four movements, through the languid "adagio" and the tripping "scherzo" to the long roll of the final "allegro." As an example of Mr. Legge's shorter pieces, we give these stanzas on "Spring"—a theme not unfamiliar to poets:

"The first faint note of Spring  
Hums through the air, and surges  
Fiercely in troubled veins,  
With a mutinous ache that urges  
Our souls to go over the mountain-ring  
And view the uncharted plains.

"We know not whose the call  
That stirs in the blood, and maddens  
With hope and a strange desire;  
Even though the vague thought saddens,  
How early the blossoming dreams will fall  
And Autumn veil Life's fire.

"But the voice, to shame our doubt,  
Murmurs a song of nesting,  
Ancient before our birth,  
An anthem of Power unresting,  
That forges the re-born harmony out  
From the old, orchestral Earth."

We cannot say that Mr. Legge's verse is stirring, but it is thoughtfully wrought, and pleasing to the refined sense.

"What weakling urges that the starry nights  
In woodland wanton with the joyous sprites,  
In meadow peopled with the tripping fays,

"Have fled forever, and our souls are borne  
In endless circuit of the streets forlorn?  
Who sings a requiem for the golden days?"

"Though now no longer amid alleys green  
Brave hearts go riding, and the kisses keen  
Of sun and tempest uncomplaining share,

"Though doubts delude us, and by deadly rote  
We learn Life's lesson, in stray hearts remote  
The sylvan secret lingers unaware."

Thus opens the "Valediction" of "England's Garland," by Mr. George Bartram, a sheaf of verses dedicated to the memory of Borrow and "composed afield, in that abiding-place of beauty and romance, the remoter South of England." These are outdoor songs in praise of the vagabond life, and inspired by memories of England's historical and poetical past. They are dated (in spirit) all the way from the fourteenth century to the nineteenth, and evoke the ghosts of Chaucer, Spenser, and the Elizabethans, of Herrick, and Cromwell, and Cobbett. The following verses express the spirit in which the author has written:

"Oh, yield not this that stirs thy sanguine heart,  
To the dull rabble's shallow scrutiny:  
That jaded tribe can have no part with thee,  
Thy thorn-fenced nosegays, or thy rugged art.

"Seek thou no welcome from that alien crew,  
Leave thy poor posy to the cautious test  
Of English only, yet of England's best:  
The tardy verdict of the royal few.

"See that thy bantling wear a sober dress—  
Good English homespun of the ancient time,  
For much that masketh it as modern rime  
Is tangled fustian, utter weariness.

"Snatch thou from yore the stout simplicities  
And humours strange (then England but drew breath  
By love of life and valiant scorn of death),  
Be thy quaint garland woven all of these."

"Lonicera" is a long dramatic lyric in which a man and a woman disinter their dead love, and indulge in mutual recrimination, which leads to a better understanding and a sort of forced reconciliation. It is written in such blank verse as this:

"There is no heaven lovers may not climb  
With the strong pulse of two-fold passion blent  
In psychic pinions Godward, nor no hell  
So deep that Love may hide his dead away  
Among its nadir-night of mocking stars,  
That haunt like ghosts what love might else have been. . . .  
Such reverence as man may give was yours  
Freely, I knew no higher God than Love,

Nor needed any. Now is Reverence  
Done to such death as no dog ever died.  
And when you lied against my love there died  
Something, in flower, that will not bloom again."

This is the first of a group of long pieces which fill about one-half of Mr. John Helston's volume, "Aphrodite and Other Poems." The love which is license seems to be their central theme. They are followed by an elegy upon Swinburne, from which one section is here quoted:

"I hear thine echoes round, as though the world  
Fills her own flight with peans through the spheres  
Whilst dying creeds as rotting leaves are swirled  
Along the dust of the decaying years,  
Till all the tree of Priestcraft's faith be bare  
Of fruit or any blossom as of leaves:  
Yea, as a god in whom no man believes  
Shall surely perish, faith shall perish there.  
Before man was were only Truth and Song.  
Yea, singer, seer, and prophet,—Master thou!  
Who sawest the future clearly come to pass,  
As from some far serene beyond the brow  
Of Morning,—and God mirrored in a glass  
Wherein are Love and Truth where Fears are now.  
When man at last shall fare forth true and strong  
Of his own spirit, Truth shall right the wrong,  
The light of very God, that Falsehood mare:  
Still shall be heartened April into song,  
And there be heard old music in the stars."

This tribute may fairly be grouped with those of Mr. Alfred Noyes and Mr. Arthur Ficke upon the same theme. There is a fine touch of indignation in the lines to Shelley, suggested by Arnold's monstrosously inept criticism:

"They say it: 'Beautiful and Ineffectual'—thou.  
Then is the sun all potent save of fire,  
Growth, and the might to swing the spheres and swing  
Through their eternal courses night and day."

From the shorter poems that follow, we select these gravely beautiful lines "In Autumn":

"I see the sun grow old,  
Grow grey and old, and full of quiet, creep  
From the still slopes and chasmed ways of clouds  
That fill the frontiers of his place of sleep:—  
Wan suns, that bleach the shadows cast  
On stubble-fields all day with mist of gold,  
Where evenings—each one earlier than the last—  
From golden mist prepare their paler shrouds.  
As nightfall gathers stars with viewless hand,  
So death goes wide and gathers in the dusks:  
The sharp white breath of morning on the land  
Gleams whiter for the empty chestnut husks."

At present Mr. Helston seems to be classifiable as a neo-Swinburnian. But he is a young man, and he may in time acquire his own accent. This is to be hoped for, since his poetical gift is clearly out of the common.

Mr. John Masefield's "Salt-Water Ballads" sing of

"The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with the clout,  
The chantyman bent at the halliards putting a tune to the shout,  
The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired lookout."

These poems are avowedly youthful compositions, now reissued without much change from their original form. "Hell's Pavement" is a characteristic specimen:

"When I'm discharged in Liverpool 'n' draws my bit o' pay,  
I won't come to sea no more.  
I'll court a pretty little lass 'n' have a weddin' day,  
'N' settle somewhere down ashore.  
I'll never fare to sea again a-temptin' Davy Jones,  
A-hearkenin' to the cruel sharks a-hungerin' for my bones;  
I'll run a blushin' dairy-farm or go a-crackin' stones,  
Or buy 'n' keep a little liquor-store,—  
So he said.

"They towed her into Liverpool, we made the hooker fast,  
And the copper-bound officials paid the crew,  
An' Billy drew his money, but the money did n't last,  
For he painted the alongshore blue,—  
It was rum for Poll, and rum for Nan, and gin for  
Jolly Jack.

"He shipped a week later in the clothes upon his back,  
He had to pinch a little straw, he had to beg a sack  
To sleep on, when his watch was through,—  
So he did."

Mr. Roger Heath is a poet whose imagination has a cosmic quality. He sings pleasantly of "The Great Bear" as through the æons the constellation views the pageant of the ascent of man from the brute. He even sings of the Fourth Dimension as a possible future revealer of "new loveliness for man to make his own." A fine poem called "The Resurrection of the Gods" has the following opening:

"The world went out in blood and fire  
When the power of the gods was broken.  
Then came an age of starless night,  
A night of dreams and slow desire,  
And a little glimmer of ancient light  
Was left it for a token.  
And the eyes of a watcher might have traced  
A little stirring in the waste."

So much for the past. The closing poem in the volume is called "Futurity," and sings of the return of the golden years in such strains as these:

"God shall close  
This book of life and turn the final page  
Of the old record that is written there,  
And the new Universe shall be unfurled.  
He shall inaugurate the golden age,  
The tearless son, and in all the world  
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose,  
And we shall enter, and the stars above  
Shall sing a psalm for our victory.  
And then at last God's spirit shall descend  
Into our hearts, and earthly love shall be  
A perfect copy of that perfect Love  
That made us fellow-workers for the End."

"Beginnings" is the title of this modest little book of song that comes to us from the city of the dreaming spires.

A second modest little volume that hails from Oxford is "The Quiet Spirit," by Mr. John Spencer Muirhead. He opens with a deprecatory note:

"For I have known only of light April weather,  
Quick tears and quick laughter all mingled together,  
And nothing have known of a sorrow abiding  
Nor feared very greatly what darkness is hiding."

He sings of "The Poet" in such dialogue as this:

"Who is he that is girdled with summer,  
Whose veil is the gray night's woof?  
That hath made the winds his pavilion and the ageless  
stars his roof?

It is I whose robe is the summer,  
The night is in mine eyes,  
I know the couch of the North Wind  
And the lair where the West Wind lies,  
And the stars are ever about me, and the flame of them  
never dies."

Here is a charming picture of "Night":

"Upon the web of night the dewed stars lie,  
And the cowed trees stand watching on the height  
To guard thy sleep, my soul; in jewelled flight  
A myriad planets swim the seas on high—  
O little lake that breathest every star,  
Mirror of sleep, from the broad-petalled sky  
On thee the star-lit fragrance softly ran,  
That tipped thy waves with opal and afar  
Silvered thy lilies; O that hence might I  
Drink Lethe of thee and with waiting eyes  
Dream through the long, long nights of Paradise."

Paraphrases from Catullus and from the French poets of love make up the bulk of Mr. Arthur Symons's "Knave of Hearts." The original pieces are wistful, passionate strains of the kind that he has made familiar in earlier collections of his work. "The Spirit and the Bride" represents him at his best:

"If, when the Spirit and the Bride say Come!  
I yet be found lingering by the way,  
Even as I linger while it is to-day,  
Wait thou, my God! although I journey from  
My home on earth and from thy other home,  
I will remember at the last, and say:  
Thou who wast near when I was far away,  
Take me: the Spirit and the Bride say Come!

"Thou hast held me in the hollow of thy hand,  
And I have fought against thy power; thou hast kept  
Thy watch over my spirit while it slept,  
Dreaming against thy wisdom; I have planned  
Ways of escape, but thou hast overswept,  
Like loving water, all my dykes of sand."

There is a close kinship between the muse of Mr. Symons and the muse of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, as the following poem, placed side by side with the one just quoted, will show:

"The bloom upon the grape I ask no more,  
Nor pampered fragrance of the soft-lipped rose,  
I only ask of Him who keeps the Door—  
To open it for one who fearless goes  
Into the dark, from which, reluctant, came  
His innocent heart, a little laughing flame;  
I only ask that He who gave me sight,  
Who gave me hearing and who gave me breath,  
Give me the last gift in His flaming hand—  
The holy gift of Death."

We are always a little doubtful concerning the sincerity of these songs of satiety; the pose is so easy for the young poet, and so unnatural. It takes a Meredith, in the ripeness of his wisdom, to sing convincingly of a yearning for the grave. Mr. Le Gallienne's volume is entitled "The Lonely Dancer, and Other Poems." Its contents are graceful lyrics of love and nature, with here and there an emergence of the note of human brotherhood. The following tribute to the poet's present wife is very ingenious; it reminds us of the lines written by Aldrich to similar effect, explaining to his wife that all his earlier love lyrics were really veiled tributes to "You dear, you, just you":



"I thought, before my sunlit twentieth year,  
That I knew Love, and Death that goes with it;  
And my young broken heart in little songs,  
Dew-like, I poured, and waited for my end  
Wildly — and waited — being then nineteen.  
I walked a little longer on my way,  
Alive, 'gainst expectation and desire,  
And, being then past twenty, I beheld  
The face of all the faces in the world  
Dewily opening on its stem for me.  
Ah, so it seemed, and, each succeeding year,  
Thus hath some woman blossom of the divine  
Flowered in my path, and made a frail delay  
In my true journey — to my home in thee."

The confession is so human that it almost disarms cynicism. It is the way of man to discover his "Flos Ævorum" at the close of a long series of *amourettes* and *tendresses*.

Tuneful twitterings, neatly scored in a variety of lyrical measures, are given us in "A Wand and Strings," by Mr. Benjamin R. C. Low. There is nothing very arresting or magical about these songs, but their technique is good, and their thought clean-cut. A little more weighty in thought than the others is the "Rough-Hew Them How We Will," of which these are the opening stanzas:

"Far-flying warders turn and tell  
Of thunders in the dreadful hills;  
Pale prophets of destruction swell  
Beneath our darkened window-sills;  
Virtue is dead, they say, and song;  
And civic pride is sore beset;  
Riches are right, and honor, wrong;  
The world remembers — to forget.

"How are the walls of Babylon  
Tumbled and moulderous and gray! —  
And how her ruined Parthenon  
The soul of Athens bears away!  
Slow-moving as a mist of sleep,  
The tides of destiny befall;  
Sand cities reared heap on heap; —  
The ocean overruns them all.

"Yet are the pinnacles of gold  
Beleaguered by our heart's desire,  
And still the hands of mortals hold  
The anguish of immortal fire:  
Death over death, the ramparts rise,  
And life on life, the builders go;  
The spirit in the coral dies,  
The splendors of the coral grow."

This is from "The Apology of an Opium-Eater," found in Mr. Julius West's "Atlantis, and Other Poems":

"You ask if I feel conscience-pangs!  
You never hung where the moon hangs,  
You never rode in the Sun-God's car  
Or ever became a flaming star,  
Toasted headlong into the heights of space  
To hold with comets a fiery race. . . .

"The courts of Heaven you never trod,  
Or heard the symphonies of God,  
Great sounds that massed and broke and tore  
You with them down a breathless shore,  
And breaking, colours bright became,  
And each a fierce vibrating flame,  
Rainbows that interwove and made  
A living net of every shade."

There is imagination in these poems, and originality, especially in the long one which reshapes the legend of Atlantis. This picture of "The Haunted Ship" is striking:

"They are not men that walk her deck,  
She is no ship, but a shell . . .  
For long years she has been a wreck,  
And those faint forms that move, as in a spell —  
They once were men, and sailors of the sea,  
But now are flickers of the flames of hell  
Doomed to drift unceasingly  
Until an end shall come  
When the seas shall be still and winds be dumb,  
And to and fro she sways,  
And her torn rigging idly swings . . .  
And a chill silence follows all her ways, . . .  
Curs'd symbol of lost things."

We like particularly this song of "The Nun Released":

"The convent bells do toll, do toll,  
For Sister Anne died yesterday,  
And on the winds they say her soul  
Rides to its holiday.

"They toll because her body lies  
Within the chapel, on its bier,  
Stained-glass colours round her eyes,  
She seems to smile, yet somehow drear.

"For forty years, the Lord alone  
She served, and never looked on men,  
And trusted she had this wise sown  
Rare flowers of grace in God's garden.

"But wrongly, for the truth, man knows,  
Though all are lost the soul who kill,  
God's deepest anger falls on those  
Who leave the body living still.

"Reserving all his highest hate  
For those who make the flesh a tomb,  
For they His temple desecrate.  
For them He deals no easy doom.

"The convent bells are tolling  
For Sister Anne in Heaven;  
Though death is Life consoling  
To them who are forgiven,

"No soul has been set free by death,  
Though the bells are tolling slow;  
Only her body lacks its breath,  
Her soul died long ago."

Another volume gives us this:

"I would not be a dogmatist,  
Banging a heavy, hairy fist  
To crack the pint-pots on the table.  
But I would dream as I am able  
And nose God's wonders in a twist  
Of quaintest thoughts and rippled rhyme;  
By happy turns of fortunate phrase  
Would capture Faith, and teach stern Time  
To mend his ways."

Thus discourses Mr. William Rose Benét, in "Merchants from Cathay." He is certainly a master of "quaintest thought and rippled rhyme," although the "happy turns of fortunate phrase" seem to elude him. Gifted with an opulent imagination, and bearing a staggering load of the stuff of poetry on his shoulders, he makes us a little too conscious of the burden, and does not quite succeed in so ordering his expression as to escape turgidity. Now

and then he achieves restraint and clean-cut form, as in the sonnet on "The Guests of Phineus":

"Man hungers long. Into his cup is poured  
Wine of pearly brilliance or of flaming dyes  
From gold and silver ewers of the skies —  
The sun and moon. And on his banquet-board  
Rich lands of romance, glamorous seas, afford  
His vision viands. Yet with upturned eyes  
Like to poor Phineus, he still descries  
The shadows overhead, the birds abhorred.

"Ye dark enigmas of this universe,  
Cloud not my feast! God, give me thoughts to face  
And rend despair, as did the winged twain  
Who soared above the baffled guests of Thrace  
And hurled the harpies of Jove's ancient curse  
To whirlwind ruin o'er the Ionian main!"

Mr. Benét is fond of classical themes, but he usually handles them in the wildest romantic manner. The realms of phantasy are his province, and he delights in the imaginings of Baron Munchausen and Sir John Mandeville. It is not every poet who would be daring enough to write a chanty in Kiplingese for the Argonauts to sing as they plied the oar:

"Lemnos lies behind us  
And ladies of good grace,  
Home, bring home the oars again and lift the coasts of  
Thrace!

Nor yet the Clashing Islands find,  
Nor stark Prometheus highlands find,  
But here, of far or nigh lands, find

Adventure's very place —  
Adventure's splendid, terrible, and dear and dafting  
face!

"Then, Orpheus, strike harp for us!  
Oh, Talking Head, speak true for us!  
Lynceus, look you sharp for us!  
And, Tiphys, steer her through for us!

May Colehis curse the dawn o' day when first she thundered  
free

And our golden captain, Jason, in glory put to sea."

Ragged and swinging measures are Mr. Benét's favorites, and they force his volume into a special *format* for their accommodation. But even the widened page is not wide enough, and a small type has to be used which is a serious obstacle to pleasurable reading. This is the opening of the titular poem:

"Their heels slapped their bumping mules; their fat chaps  
glowed.

Glory unto Mary, each seemed to wear a crown!  
Like sunset their robes were on the wide, white road:  
So we saw these mad merchants come dusting into town!

"Two paunchy beasts they rode on and two they drove  
before.

May the Saints all help us, the tiger-stripes they had!  
And the panniers upon them swelled full of stuffs and ore!  
The square buzzed and jostled at a sight so mad.

"They bawled in their beards, and their turbans they wried.  
They stopped by the stalls with curvetting and clatter.  
As brouse as the bracken their necks and faces dyed —  
And a stave they set singing to tell us of the matter.

"For your silks to Sugarmago! For your dyes, to Isfahan!  
Weird fruits from the Isle o' Lamaree!  
But for magic merchandise  
For treasure-trove and spice,  
Here's a catch and a carol to the great, grand Chan,  
The King of all the Kings across the sea.

Here's a catch and a carol to the great, grand Chan;  
For we won through the deserts to his sunset barbian;  
And the mountains of the palace no Titan's reach may span  
Where he wields his seignorie!

This is quite in the spirit of the rollicking ballads of Mr. Alfred Noyes, but just misses the magic of "Forty Singing Seamen," for example. Many of Mr. Benét's poems are marred by infelicitous words and halting rhythms, but sometimes he achieves something approaching perfection of form. There is probably no finer poem in the volume than "The Rival Celestial":

"God, wilt Thou never leave my love alone?  
Thou comest when she first draws breath in sleep,  
Thy cloak blue night, glittering with stars of gold.  
Thou standest in her doorway to intone  
The promise of Thy troth that she must keep,  
The wonders of Thy heaven she shall behold.

"Her little room is filled with blinding light,  
And past the darkness of her window-pane  
The faces of glad angels closely press,  
Gesturing for her to join their host this night,  
Mount with their cavalcade for Thy domain!  
Then darkness. . . . But Thy work is done no less.

"For she hath looked on Thee, and when on me  
Her blue eyes turn by day, they pass me by.  
All offerings—ev'n my heart—slip from her hands.  
She moves in dreams of utter bliss to be,  
Longs for what not of earth may satisfy.  
My heart breaks as I clutch love's breaking strands.

"I clutch—they part—to the wide winds are blown,  
And she stands gazing on a cloud, a star,—  
Blind to earth's heart of love where heaven lies furled.  
God, wilt Thou never leave my love alone?  
Thou hast all powers, dominions, worlds that are;  
And she is all my world—is all my world!"

From "Wood Dreams," the opening poem in Mr. Cawein's "Minions of the Moon," we quote the first two stanzas and the last:

"About the time when bluebells swing  
Their elfin belfries for the bee,  
And in the fragrant House of Spring  
Wild Music moves; and Fantasy  
Sits weaving webs of witchery:  
And Beauty's self in silence leans  
Above the brook and through her hair  
Beholds her face reflected there,  
And wonders what the vision means—  
About the time when bluebells swing.

"I found a path of glooms and gleams,  
A way that Childhood oft has gone,  
That leads into the Wood of Dreams,  
Where, as of old, dwell Fay and Faun,  
And Faerie dances until dawn;  
And Elfand calls from her blue cave,  
Or, starbright, on her snow-white steed,  
Rides blowing on a silver reed  
That Magic follows like a slave—  
I found a path of glooms and gleams.

"For what we dream is never lost,—  
Dreams mold the soul within the clay,  
The rapture and the pentecost  
Of beauty shape our lives some way:  
They are the beam, the guiding ray,  
That Nature dowers us with at birth,—  
And, like the light upon the crown  
Of some dark hill, that towers down,  
Point us to Heaven, not to Earth,  
Above the world where dreams are lost."

The "way that childhood oft has gone" is the way into the magical realm of fairyland, and here we dwell with Mr. Cawein in a world of delicate fancies and fantastic imaginings which is made almost a real world by the poet's power of minute observation. He knows flowers and birds and trees with a loving intimacy that the professional naturalist may well envy him, and he enshrines and spiritualizes them in song so exquisite as to class him with Wordsworth and Tennyson. The volume is filled with joyous beauty from cover to cover, and it is with regret for the completion of the offering that we come to the Epilogue:

"There is a world Life dreams of, long since lost:  
Invisible save only to the heart;  
That spreads its cloudy islands, without chart,  
Above the Earth, 'mid oceans none has crossed;  
Far Fairylands, that have become a part  
Of mortal longings; that, through difficult art,  
Man strives to realize to the uttermost.

"Could we attain that Land of Faërie  
Here in the flesh, what starry certitudes  
Of loveliness were ours! what mastery  
Of beauty and the dream that still eludes!  
What clearer vision! — Ours were than the key  
To Mystery, that Nature jealously  
Looks in her heart of hearts among the woods."

Other poets may voice the spiritual issues of our national life with richer expression and greater authority, but none of them can surpass Mr. Cawein as an interpreter of the beauty that lies at the heart of natural things.

"The Theban Eagle, and Other Poems" is by Mr. Chester Allyn Reed. The titular piece calls Pindar a Philistine, and reproaches him because he did not write as a sentimentalist. A poem on "Magellan" describes the sea-conquests of the Portuguese:

"Until the day when Diaz in the cold  
Passed the great Cape, and, lo, the way was free.  
Then at a touch the eastern kingdoms old  
Sprang from their long unbroken mystery  
And the far Indian Ocean was aflame  
With splendor of the new invading name,"

and then goes on to describe the wonderful voyage which proved to the most skeptical the sphericity of the earth. Of his verses "Off Viareggio" — a tribute to Shelley — the author says:

"These are for those who love him, who have felt  
His presence deep within their fondest thought —  
As when across a desert's burning belt  
The song of birds is brought."

Mr. Reed's verses are thoughtful, neat in form, but not exactly inspired, revealing the poetic sense rather than the poetic faculty.

Paul Mariett, a Harvard graduate who died a year or more ago of a malignant tumor, at the age of twenty-four, was a true poet in the making, as the small posthumous volume of his work attests. Reading what the two friends who have edited this volume say of him, we are reminded again and again of Moody, who was cut off, his renown unfilled, by a similar stroke of fate. "For all the con-

ventional attitudinizing of the poet over sweetness and light he had a bitter scorn; he could hate with zest; he believed that hate was a good robust virtue. To all kinds of softness Paul was a hard bed indeed, and to muffled personalities and finicky souls he was a cleansing gale." Thus one of the two friends; the other has this to say: "He endeavored to extract the intrinsic from the accidental in love and beauty, in life and death. With all his joyous virility there runs through his work, almost from the beginning, an impending melancholy, that is neither the immature cheerlessness of skeptical youth nor the unrealizable unreality of a dreamer, but something unaccountably sinister, and premonitory, a quality that pervades his most powerful and poignant lyrics, flashing out finally, nakedly mystical, in the poem, 'The Grateful Dead.'" We may as well transcribe this poem as another:

"The grateful dead, they say lie snug and close  
Under the smooth, soft sloping of the grass.  
Grateful indeed because above them pass  
No other steps than those of wind or bird —  
No other sound is heard.

"For without eyes we see, and earless hear;  
Sweeter is this than nights of restless mood,  
Sweeter than nights of blank infinitude,  
Sweeter than ghostly pageants of a dream,  
Half-caught, of things that seem.

"Another life have we than those who live,  
Another death have we than those who die.  
Mortal and ghost and angel pass us by —  
Mortal and ghost and angel have one breath —  
Die, would ye learn of death."

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Beasts of  
the past.*

The portrayal of the main pattern in the web of life as it has been woven in the Western world by the forces of evolution in past geologic ages is the main purpose of Professor W. B. Scott's "History of Land Mammals in the Western Hemisphere (Macmillan). It is, however, with the evolution only of the highest types of animal life, the mammals, that the author deals, tracing their increasing diversification and modification from the small and primitive types of the Paleocene Period of Tertiary Epoch through the remarkable faunas of the Upper Tertiary to the much reduced mammalian fauna of to-day. The organization of scientific exploration by the State and its advancement by private endowments, the unifying influence of common language, and of educational and scientific organization, and of the single political control of the greater part of a continent, have made possible in this country, as in no where else in the world, the disclosing of the secrets of the past life of a continent and — thanks to the able work of an enthusiastic group of Latin-American paleontologists of Argentina — of a hemisphere. No small element in the success of this project has been the discovery in America of



remarkable beds of fossils in the Great Plains of Nebraska and Wyoming, in the John Day region of Oregon, and in that unique death trap of the ages, the tar-pits of Rancho La Brea, from which the University of California has recently exhumed a most complete and superbly preserved representation of the fauna of Pleistocene times. The author thus has at his disposal an exceptionally complete record of the past. His book is written for the general reader, and for the biologist who is not versed in palaeontological lore. The relations of the successive phases of life to geological time and to environmental conditions are in evidence throughout, and the details of teeth and skeletal structure upon which the palaeontologist constructs his conception of the ancient beast, of which he may possess but a fragment, are correlated with those of the better known mammals of to-day. Indeed, both for biologist and for lay reader, one of the most instructive features of the work is the remarkable series of reconstructions, against typical environmental backgrounds, of these ancient mammals. A choice series of original photographs of living mammals, for purposes of comparison, heightens the value of these reconstructions. Professor Scott and the artist, Mr. Horsfall, have succeeded admirably in making these dry bones live again. However large the element of conjecture in these reconstructed portraits, they are both interesting and instructive. The closing chapter, upon the modes of mammalian evolution, is brief, cautious, and tentative, the author stating the various conceptions of the factors and their modes of operating. He lends some support to the view that the change from one species to the next in a line of descent was by small though abrupt mutations rather than by a series of gradual transitions. The chapter upon the primates perforce excludes the evolution of the human type, since there is as yet no critical evidence that primitive man originated in this hemisphere. Abundant and excellent illustrations, logical development of the subject, clear-cut and critical presentation of the data, and breadth of view characterize this standard work of reference on American mammalian palaeontology.

*A new textbook  
of American  
literature.*

Mr. William J. Long's volume on "American Literature" (Ginn & Co.) is to be commended for its full treatment of the colonial and Revolutionary times, its biographical material and suggestions for study, and in most cases for its biographical sketches of authors. Its usefulness as a text for secondary schools may be impaired by the fact that it seems to be the work of an iconoclast with occasional enthusiasms and a theory. The theory may be inferred from this statement: "There are no Mason-and-Dixon lines, no political or geographical divisions in the national consciousness. Bradford and Byrd, Cooper and Simms, Longfellow and Lanier, Hawthorne and Bret Harte are here studied side by side in their respective periods, not as representative of North or South or East or West, but

as so many different reflections of the same life and the same spirit." What "national consciousness" Bradford and Byrd expressed the author does not say; and the critic who refuses to see the peculiarly New England characteristics in Hawthorne, or the peculiarly Southern elements in Simms not only ignores much that is necessary to the understanding of individual authors, but fails to trace the impressive unification of American literature during the years since the War. On the whole, however, the theory does less harm than it threatens in the preface. More striking are numerous interpretations and critical judgments that challenge discussion. Only a few may be cited. That Lowell is the "only successor" of Cotton Mather (p. 349), and that Hawthorne seems "more akin to Wigglesworth than to any other writer" (p. 405), may be defensible propositions, but are likely to be perplexing or misleading to students who have not yet acquired a sense of relative values. So the remarks that the conception of nature in "Thanatopsis" "seems to us hardly more poetic than that of the Alaskan Indians, who say that the earth is a huge animal, vegetation is its fur, and men and animals are parasites on its back" (p. 202); that Poe's verse is "beautiful but apparently meaningless," and Poe's theory is "to the mature mind . . . an abnormal, a diseased conception of poetry" (p. 239); that in "Tom Sawyer" "the hero is essentially a liar, one who makes a virtue of falsehood; and his adventures are of a kind to make the thoughtless laugh and the judicious grieve" (p. 466); that Uncle Remus is "in some respects the most natural and lovable character that has ever appeared in American fiction" (p. 468),—these and many similar opinions will arouse interesting discussions among those competent to discuss. In view, however, of the tendency of pupils to accept textbook statements without question, the presence of so many debatable utterances in a book for secondary schools may be a disadvantage. Even more harmful than these opinions are apparent mis-statements of interpretation and content, e. g., the remark (p. 237) that in "The Fall of the House of Usher" Poe "makes use of a favorite theory, or hallucination, that the will survives for a time in the body of a person after death."

*The case against  
state ownership  
of our railroads.* In "Government Ownership of Railways" (Appleton), a large and important question of public policy is discussed by Mr. Samuel O. Dunn, editor of "The Railway Age Gazette" and already well known as the author of a book entitled "The American Transportation Question." Mr. Dunn ventures the opinion that "no more important question confronts the people of the United States than the question of what policy they shall pursue in the future in dealing with the railroads of the country." He examines in a seemingly fair and judicial spirit the various arguments for and against government ownership of railroads, and reviews the experience

of other countries in which the railroads are owned and operated by the State. His conclusions are distinctly adverse to the policy of government ownership in the United States. He reviews the more flagrant abuses that have attended the system of private ownership in the United States, and dwells upon the attempt to remove these abuses through the policy of public regulation. The argument for government ownership drawn from the experience of other countries is, he thinks, by no means conclusive, because the conditions in countries like Prussia and Japan where government ownership has been most successful are entirely different from conditions in the United States. He asserts that the railways of the United States are, considering all things, as economically managed as any in the world; under private ownership their development has gone forward at a rate which, until recent years, has not been equalled in any other country; the quality of the freight and passenger service is in most respects equal or superior to that of any other country, although it is admitted that the accident record is rather appalling; passenger rates in America are probably no higher than in most countries for similar services; the average freight rate per ton mile is the lowest in the world; the condition of the labor employed on American railways is relatively as good as that of any other country; and the experience of other countries, where the railways are owned by the State, would seem to indicate that government management in this country would tend to corrupt rather than to purify politics. Therefore the better alternative, according to Mr. Dunn, is to leave the ownership and management of railways in private hands, and at the same time to develop and perfect the present system of public regulation.

*The founder of  
"The Review  
of Reviews."*

Miss Estelle W. Stead's filial tribute to the memory of the late W. T. Stead is appropriately entitled, "My Father," and is further described by the fitting subtitle, "Personal and Spiritual Reminiscences." The striking qualities of the man, and his activities in building what he believed to be a "bridge" between this world and that of discarnate spirits, are vividly and lovingly presented. Also the notable work he did as a great journalistic force for social righteousness is reviewed in such a manner as to command our willing admiration and to intensify our regret that so enlightened and energetic a reformer should have been removed by so untimely and tragic a fate from the scene of his beneficent labors. His birth in 1849 in the little manse at Embleton, his early life in that north country, his editorship of "The Northern Echo" at twenty-two, followed by that of "The Pall Mall Gazette" in 1884, and the founding of "The Review of Reviews" in 1890, with a necessarily incomplete account of the many good causes championed by him, all enlivened by frequent extracts from Mr. Stead's personal reminiscences and other writings, are well and interestingly set forth in the book's thirty brief chapters. Of course

the once rather famous "Julia" and her "bureau" and her alleged "communications" receive due mention, as also sundry other matters that appeal to a love of the marvellous. But perhaps not the least extraordinary incident recorded in the book is the following in reference to the founding of the magazine with which Mr. Stead's name is inseparably associated. A memorandum from his own pen reads as follows: "The Pope, if up to date, ought to publish the *Review of Reviews*, which is an attempt to render accessible to all the best thoughts to be found in the periodical literature of the world. Before founding the *Review* I went to Rome to see what chance there was of the Pope undertaking the task. Finding there was none, I did it myself." Many portraits and other illustrations add to the book's attractiveness. (George H. Doran Co.)

*The amazing  
Duke of Wharton.*

The career of Philip, Duke of Wharton, is one of the most amazing in English history. His father had been an unrelenting opponent of the Stuarts and was one of the chief members of the Whig "organization" in the days of William III., and young Lord Philip should have inherited a large measure of political influence along with titles and wealth; but he threw away his future while still a youth, and took up the cause of the Stuart Pretender. This act in time led to outlawry, deep poverty, and finally to death in a Franciscan monastery. At the time of his death he was only in his thirty-third year; but he had made a profound, though not entirely favorable, impression on the men of his time both in England and on the Continent. Alexander Pope characterized him as "the scorn and wonder of our days"; he appears as Lorenzo in Young's "Night Thoughts," and as Lovelace in Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe"; Hogarth introduced him into one of his paintings. It is this career that Mr. Lewis Melville has traced in his latest work, "The Life and Writings of Philip, Duke of Wharton" (Lane). We may agree with the author that "a character more interesting . . . does not often fall to the lot of a biographer"; but the reviewer would like to express a doubt as to whether it is really worth while to produce a detailed study of a life that was a failure in every way and that left no impress on the history of the time. The author, however, has done his work well; he devotes most of his space to Wharton's public career, but does not neglect the private life of his subject. No attempt is made to gloss over the moral and financial extravagance of the man, — though Mr. Melville does think that the worst thing about the "Hell-fire Club," of which Wharton was president, was its name. The permanent value of the work will be found chiefly in the documents that the author has collected, the Duke's efforts at poetry, some of his letters and speeches, and various other documents that belong to his personal history or to that of the Wharton family. The volume also contains seventeen excellent illustrations, chiefly portraits of the men who made history during the early eighteenth century.

*Miscellaneous  
by Thackeray's  
daughter.*

Lady Ritchie has a store of notable memories to draw upon whenever she chooses to put pen to paper for the delectation of her readers, and it is largely with such memories that her new volume of collected papers, "From the Porch" (Scribner), entertainingly deals. First comes "A Discourse on Modern Sibyls"—namely, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Oliphant—all of whom the writer knew and admired in their time; then a reminiscent fragment on Charles Dickens, after which follows another retrospective piece, "A Dream of Kensington Gardens"; next we have a half-dozen "monographs,"—on Sainte Jeanne of Chantal, Anna Seward, known as "the Swan of Lichfield," Mrs. John Taylor of Norwich, the art of being a grandparent, the painter Morland at Freshwater Bay, and another painter, of a later generation, Alfred Stevens. Finally, a smaller sheaf of papers is offered, having to do with the beginnings of "The Cornhill Magazine," and sundry other matters more personal to the writer. Where Lady Ritchie does not write from her own memories she usually has unpublished letters or other special sources of information to give freshness and vitality to her narrative. Even the now somewhat mythical "Swan of Lichfield" is made to live again in the packet of letters quoted from by Lady Ritchie. We see her writing to a correspondent (from whom the letter, with others, passed to Thackeray's daughter) "with the vilest pen that ever scored," and still persisting, "though night creeps on apace, and the drowsie hour steals upon me. I should have written before to express my gratitude, but that I had promised to work Mr. Charles Buckenridge a waistcoat by the next Assembly." A reference to "a well-known critic, an American lady, Miss Fanny Repplier," still goes uncorrected in the re-edited form of the essay. A portrait of the writer appears as frontispiece, and a view of "the porch" later in the volume.

*Plays of  
old Japan.*

The feeling for the transitoriness of life runs like a *leitmotiv* through the old Japanese lyrical dramas called the Nô.

"The dew remains until the wind doth blow!  
The dew remains until the wind doth blow!  
My own life fleeting as a drop of dew,  
What will become of me as time doth pass?"

Plots and characters are alike developed just far enough to bring out through them the Buddhistic belief that "life is a dome of many-colored glass" from the agonizing delusions of which it is only possible to escape by regarding all actual facts and experiences as inessential and indeed unreal:

"If only thou wouldst once but cast away  
The clouds of thy delusions, thou wouldst be  
Freed from thy many sins and from all ills."

Such at least is the impression left by Miss M. C. Stopes's exquisite translations of the Nô, and her comments on this fast-fading relic of mediæval Jap-

anese feudalism (Dutton). All the sensitiveness to design, the delicacy of rhythm and color, that we associate with Japanese paintings and prints are to be found in these texts; with, in the actual representations themselves, as the editor tells us, the additional beauties of an elaborate conventional acting and posture and a peculiar chanting by protagonists and chorus, all emphasizing æsthetically the religious character of the drama. The effect is not unlike what one imagines the ancient religious drama of the Greeks to have been; there is the same brevity of plot, the same limited number of actors, all men, the same use of masks and symbolic scenery and costume. The Nô suggests a further classical comparison through the myth of its origin in a sacred dance. The best of the Greek priests and philosophers, moreover, would have taken pleasure in recognizing the mystic idea shadowed forth in this portrayal of life,—Plato would surely have understood its emphasis on Eternal Being and its subordination of the passing accidentals of life to its essence. No one to-day who is at all interested either in philosophy or drama or Japanese civilization can afford to miss this illuminating and sympathetic treatment of a subject so difficult for westerners to learn about and to understand. The beautiful illustrations from color-prints add great value to the text.

*Speeches of  
a British  
Imperialist.*

The collection of addresses by Lord Milner published under the title "The Nation and the Empire" (Houghton) comprises seventy-eight speeches, delivered since the eve of his departure for South Africa in 1897, and of these twenty-two were made in the latter country during his historic service as High Commissioner. Since his return in 1905 his interest in the concerns of South Africa has been keen, and many of the other addresses deal in whole or in part with problems of the new Union. Second in number are the speeches devoted to Imperial Unity, and on this subject his ideas are well presented in six addresses given in Canada in 1908. Other subjects dealt with are tariff reform, national service, and social progress. Lord Milner to-day stands as a leader of the British Imperialists. And yet he realizes the unfortunate connotation of the term. "When we, who call ourselves Imperialists, talk of the British Empire, we think of a group of states, independent of one another in their local affairs, but bound together for the defence of their common interests, and the development of a common civilization, and so bound, not in an alliance,—for alliances can be made and unmade, and are never more than nominally lasting,—but in a permanent organic union. Of such a union, we fully admit, the dominions of our sovereign, as they exist to-day, are only the raw material. Our ideal is still distant, but we are firmly convinced that it is not visionary nor unattainable." And in another place this ideal is described as "that of a great and continuous national life, shared by us with our kinsmen, who have built up new communities in distant parts of the earth,



enabling them and us together to uphold our traditional principles of freedom, order and justice, and to discharge with ever-increasing efficiency our duty as guardians of the more backward races who have come under our sway." Toward the attainment of this ideal, Lord Milner's public addresses have doubtless done much, and the present collection will be welcomed by his fellow-workers throughout the Empire.

*A summary of Jane Austen's life and work.*

It is gratifying to note that Jane Austen has at last been accorded a place in the excellent "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan). George Eliot, Maria Edgeworth, and Fanny Burney were already represented in the series; the volume on Jane Austen is just published; and, happily, one on Mrs. Gaskell is announced as "in press." The author of the work now in hand, Mr. Francis Warre Cornish, Vice Provost of Eton College, has, in his fifty-four pages of condensed biography, closely followed Messrs. Austen-Leigh's recent book, "Jane Austen: Her Life and Letters."\* He finds but meagre data for a biography of the novelist; and is able to add, in fact, nothing to the material already provided. The novels of Jane Austen are summarized rather fully in the succeeding chapters of the book; the critical comment is comparatively slight. The author is sympathetic with his subject, and conventional in his estimate. His closing chapter gives a summary of the novelist's attributes. He considers her style not remarkably distinguished, and her plots neither original nor striking. "She has little idealism, little romance, tenderness, poetry, or religion . . . and yet she stands by the side of Molière, unsurpassed among writers of prose and poetry, within the limits which she imposed on herself, for clear and sympathetic vision of human character."

*A picture of rural content.*

What might be called a sequel to or amplification of her "Mountain Playmates" is offered to her readers by Mrs. John Albee (Helen R. Albee) in her latest volume, "A Kingdom of Two" (Macmillan). Described on the title-page as "a true romance of country life," it shows us the wholesome, simple pleasures of New England country life in a succession of essays in which the embroidery of imagination and fancy is deftly added to the central pattern of homely realism and somewhat stern actuality. For life is no continuous holiday on the rock-ribbed hillsides of New Hampshire where (in the little town of Pequaket) the Albees have their secluded home. Such chapter-headings as "The Cow," "A May Morning," "An Old House Site," "A Garden Tragedy," and "The Magic of Daily Life" will indicate the nature of the book's contents. The critical reader will note, on an early page, Mrs. Albee's rather unfortunate attempt to form from the familiar *ipse dixit* a Latin motto which shall mean, "She Now Speaks." "Ipsa Nunc Dicet" is the result of her efforts, with "dicet"

twice repeated to make plain that it is no mere misprint. Beautiful rural scenes, reproduced from photographs, illustrate the book. Its tone and style will not disappoint those who have already found pleasure in Mrs. Albee's writings.

*Yarns of a Swedish sailor.*

Captain Andrew W. Nelson, who has followed the sea from boyhood, and has kept a diary of his adventures from the beginning, turns author in his later years and proposes to chronicle his life on the ocean wave, "one cruise at a time," for the benefit of those who find relish in the salty savor of this kind of literature—and they are surely not few in number. "Yankee Swanson" (Sturgis & Walton Co.) is the initial number of the series, and takes its name from the first mate of the "Forsette," a Swedish vessel on which the author made his first acquaintance with seafaring at the age of thirteen, and with which he remained for ten months of momentous import to him and full of incidents not uninteresting to others. Perhaps one might prefer a little less minuteness of unimportant detail. Continuing his autobiographic narrative on the present plan, Captain Nelson will give to the world a chronicle more voluminous than the history of "Jean-Christophe." In his story one cannot see the ocean for the ripples. A portrait of the author appears as frontispiece, and other illustrations are provided. We wonder why the Captain did not retain his good Swedish name of Nilsson.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

Professor Allen C. Thomas adds a new "History of England" (Heath) to the long list of admirable manuals that compete for the favor of instructors in secondary schools. These books, with all the modern improvements, make us wonder that we ever put up with the miserable texts that alone were available a generation ago. A valuable feature of this work is the appendix giving a condensed history of the Continent down to 1648.

Hazlitt is a critic who is too little read in these days, and yet no student of English literature can afford to neglect him. It is for the use of such students that Dr. Jacob Zeitlin has compiled the volume which he calls "Hazlitt on English Literature," now published at the Oxford University Press. The selections form a running commentary on our literature all the way from the Elizabethans to Byron and Scott. The introductory essay on Hazlitt is an admirable piece of criticism, and the notes are ample and informing.

In the series of "Riverside Press Editions" Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company have now included a reprint of "The Diamond Necklace," one of the most brilliant and vivid of Carlyle's historical essays, and one that has not heretofore appeared in separate form. The volume is a small octavo, printed on French hand-made paper, and decorated with several exquisite vignettes in the 18th century French manner. Another late addition to the same series is a quarto reprint of Washington's Farewell Address, printed on French hand-made paper, the external setting being admirably attuned to the impressive dignity of the text. The appearance of these new volumes tempts us to repeat

\*See THE DIAL, Oct. 16, 1913.

what we have more than once said in the past, that taken as a whole this series of "Riverside Press Editions" constitutes the most interesting and praiseworthy achievement in the field of fine book-making that this country has to show.

Several recent additions to the admirable "Oxford Editions" include William Morris's poems and prose tales published previously to 1870; Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poems and translations, 1850-1870, including "Hand and Soul" and "The New Life"; Blake's poetical works, with some matter hitherto unpublished, the whole laboriously edited from original sources by Mr. John Sampson; and "A Century of Parody and Imitation," an excellent anthology compiled by Messrs. Walter Jerrold and R. M. Leonard. Painstakingly edited, faultlessly printed, and substantially bound, the books in this series excel any others that we know of, at anything like the same price.

"English Prose" (Longmans), edited by Drs. F. W. Roe and G. R. Elliott, is a volume "designed primarily for the discussion and practice in college classes of the art of composition." Its contents are representative examples of the best English prose writing, arranged in nine related groups. Some of the groups are "The Personal Life," "Public Affairs," "Education," and "Literature and Art." Each group comprises several longish examples, the first-named giving us Emerson on "Self-Reliance," Lamb's "Old China," an extract from Ruskin's "Preterita," and one from Mill's "Autobiography." The book provides the best of reading, quite aside from its purpose for the technical instruction of students.

During the last two decades of the nineteenth century, Mr. Thomas Hardy published in various periodicals a dozen "minor novels" which have grown unfamiliar to the public because not included in the standard sets of his writings. These are now collected by the Messrs. Harper in a volume entitled "A Changed Man, The Waiting Supper, and Other Tales." The last of the twelve, "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," is perhaps better known than the others to present-day readers. It is also much the longest. Now that Mr. Hardy remains in unquestioned solitary preeminence among living English writers, it is particularly desirable that his more fugitive work should be made easily accessible, and for that reason, and others, we give this volume a cordial welcome.

The twelfth volume in the "Art of Life" series (Huebsch) is entitled "The Use of Leisure," and considers its theme under a threefold division,— "Wanted—Leisure," "The Right Use of Leisure," and "Work, the Creator." After a spirited invective against drudgery and the industrial conditions that have made drudgery an apparent necessity for most of the world, the writer, Mr. Temple Scott, points the way to the right use of our free time, telling us that there are two essentials to such right use,— the getting of health and keeping it, and the getting of a mind and using it. The final section deals with that fruitful and enjoyable activity which is work in its best sense, as distinguished from soulless drudgery. Incidentally, the office of the poet is extolled, and the increasing present need of his services is pointed out. Mr. Scott's pages are aglow with fervor, and one cannot but wish his book might usher in a millennium of rightly used leisure. It will at least plant a fertile seed here and there in soil prepared for its reception.

## NOTES.

Mr. Alfred Noyes's series of Lowell lectures on "The Sea in English Poetry" are to be issued in book form at an early date.

Mr. Arnold Bennett is reported as being engaged upon a play the scene of which is laid in Spain of the sixteenth century.

Mr. Robert Hunter, author of "Poverty," has in press with the Macmillan Co. a study of "Violence and the Labor Movement."

"The Congresswoman" is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Isabel C. Curtis which the Browne & Howell Co. plan for early issue.

An anonymous psychological novel entitled "My Wife's Hidden Life" will be published next month by Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co.

Two novels planned for January issue by J. B. Lippincott Co. are Mr. John Reed Scott's "The Red Emerald" and Grace Livingston Hill Lutz's "The Best Man."

"Boycotts and the Labor Struggle" by Mr. Harry W. Laidler, with an Introduction by Professor Henry R. Seager, of Columbia University, will be published at once by the John Lane Co.

Dr. Clara Barrus, who for some time past has acted as Mr. John Burroughs's secretary, has written a book entitled "Our Friend John Burroughs" which will be published during the Spring by Houghton Mifflin Co.

M. Anatole France's satirical novel, "Les Anges," will be an important publication of the Spring season. Since its appearance serially, M. France has subjected the work to thorough revision, and has made some lengthy additions.

"Earmarks of Literature," a collection of essays by Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick of the St. Louis Public Library, and "Gerhart Hauptmann: His Life and His Work," by Mr. Karl Holl, are among the January announcements of Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter's study of "George Borrow and his Circle" will be published this month by Houghton Mifflin Co. This house has also in press for January issue Dr. Richard C. Cabot's "What Men Live By" and Mr. T. Philip Terry's guide-book to the Japanese Empire.

"Great Poems Interpreted," by Professor Waitman Barbe, of West Virginia University, will be issued immediately by Messrs. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge. The book is more advanced than the same author's "Famous Poems Explained," and is the result of studies in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

A "Drama League Series of Plays" is being projected by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. The plays will be selected by a committee on which both the Drama League of America and the publishers are represented. Mr. Percy MacKaye's "A Thousand Years Ago" and Mr. Charles Kenyon's "Kindling" are announced as the first titles to appear.

A translation from the German of "The Education of Karl Witte" has been completed by Professor Leo Wiener of Harvard University, and the book is set for publication at an early date by the Thomas Y. Crowell Co. Mr. H. Addington Bruce, of the editorial staff of "The Outlook," has supplied an Introduction and has cooperated with Professor Wiener in the editing of the translation.

Among the books in preparation at the Oxford University Press are a "Bibliography of the Works of Dr. Johnson" by the late W. P. Courtney, a volume on "Pestilence in Literature and Art" by Dr. Raymond Crawford, a history of "English University Drama from 1540 to 1603" by Professor Boas, a "Concise Dante Dictionary" by Dr. Paget Toynbee, and a work on "The Gods of Northern Buddhism" by Miss Alys Getty.

"Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking" by Mr. Edmund Backhouse and Mr. J. O. P. Bland, two of the most authoritative writers on matters relating to China, is announced for Spring publication. The volume is based on State papers, diaries of Court officials, and Chinese books printed for private circulation, and it gives an account of the secret history of the Chinese Court and its rulers during a period of nearly three hundred years.

"Home," the anonymous novel that has attracted much attention during its serial publication in "The Century Magazine," will be issued in book form this month by The Century Co. Other January books of this house will be a study of boy life entitled "William and Bill," by Grace MacGowan Cooke and Caroline Wood Morrison; "Prostitution in Europe," by Dr. Abraham Flexner; and a new edition of "As the Hague Ordains," with Miss Eliza R. Scidmore's name upon the title-page.

Several books of general interest are planned for February issue by Messrs. McBride, Nast & Co. These include: "Panama: Its Creation, Destruction, and Resurrection," by M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, the distinguished French engineer; "How France is Governed," by M. Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic; "The Art of Nijinsky," the genius of the Russian ballet, by Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth, with illustrations in color by Dorothy Mulloch; "Baroque Architecture," by Mr. Martin S. Briggs; and "Cecil Rhodes: The Man and His Work," by Mr. Gordon Le Sueur, one of Rhodes's confidential secretaries.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 52 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

##### BIOGRAPHY.

**The Early Life of John Howard Payne.** With Contemporary Letters hitherto Unpublished. By Willis T. Hanson, Jr. With portrait and facsimile, large 8vo, 200 pages. Boston: Privately printed.

**Norris Wright Cuney:** A Tribune of the Black People. By his daughter, Maud Cuney Hare; with Introduction by James S. Clarkson. Illustrated, 12mo, 230 pages. New York: Crisis Publishing Co. \$1.50 net.

**Judson the Pioneer.** By J. Mervin Hull. Illustrated, 12mo, 187 pages. American Baptist Publication Society. 50 cts. net.

**The Immortal Seven:** Judson and His Associates. By James L. Hill, D.D. Illustrated, 12mo, 151 pages. American Baptist Publication Society. 50 cts. net.

##### GENERAL LITERATURE.

**From the Letter-Files of S. W. Johnson,** Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in Yale University, 1856-1896. Edited by his daughter, Elizabeth A. Osborne. Illustrated, 8vo, 292 pages. Yale University Press. \$2.50 net.

**Legends and Satires from Medieval Literature.** Edited by Martha Hale Shackford, Ph.D. With frontispiece, 12mo, 176 pages. Ginn & Co. \$1.25 net.

**English Literary Miscellany.** By Theodore W. Hunt. 12mo, 320 pages. Oberlin, Ohio: Bibliotheca Sacra Co. \$1.50 net.

**Poems by Sir John Salusbury and Robert Chester.** With Introduction by Carleton Brown. 8vo, 165 pages. Bryn Mawr College. Paper, \$1.50 net.

**Riverside Essays.** Edited by Ada L. F. Snell. First volumes: The American Mind and American Idealism, by Bliss Perry; University Subjects, by John Henry Newman; Studies in Nature and Literature, by John Burroughs; Promoting Good Citizenship, by James Bryce. 16mo. Houghton Mifflin Co. Each 35 cts. net.

**The Best Stories in the World.** Compiled and edited by Thomas L. Masson. 12mo, 244 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1. net.

**Some of the Many Good Reasons for Reading.** By John Cotton Dana. 18mo. Privately printed.

##### NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

**Poetical Works of William Drummond** of Hawthornden. Edited by L. E. Kastner, M.A. In 2 volumes, with portraits and facsimiles, large 8vo. Longmans, Green & Co. \$6.75 net.

**The Canoe and the Saddle;** or, Kalam and Klickitat. By Theodore Winthrop. To which are now first added his Western Letters and Journals. Edited by John H. Williams. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo, 332 pages. Tacoma: John H. Williams. \$5. net.

**Oxford Edition of Standard Authors.** New volumes: Poetical Works of William Blake, edited by John Sampson; A Century of Parody and Imitation, edited by Walter Jerrold and R. M. Leonard. Each with portrait, 12mo. Oxford University Press. Per volume, 50 cts. net.

**World's Classics.** New volumes: Selected English Letters, arranged by M. Duckitt and H. Wragg; The Lord of the Harvest, by M. Betham-Edwards, with Introduction by Frederic Harrison. Each with portrait, 18mo. Oxford University Press. Per volume, 35 cts. net.

##### BOOKS OF VERSE.

**Anthology of Magazine Verse** for 1913. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. 8vo, 87 pages. Cambridge, Mass.: Published by the editor. \$1. net.

**Bees in Amber:** A Little Book of Thoughtful Verse. By John Oxenham. 16mo, 124 pages. American Tract Society. 50 cts.

**The Trumpeters,** and Other Poems. By Andrew Downing. Third edition; 12mo, 202 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.50 net.

**The Rose of Ravenna:** A Drama in Blank Verse. By Edward A. Vidler. With decorations, 12mo, 135 pages. Melbourne: George Robertson & Co., Ltd.

**The Knight of the Chinese Dragon.** By James Cloyd Bowman. 12mo, 123 pages. Columbus, Ohio: The Pfeiffer Press. \$1.

**The Gift of White Roses.** By James Cloyd Bowman. Second revised edition; 12mo, 76 pages. Ada, Ohio: University Herald Press. 50 cts.

##### FICTION.

**A People's Man.** By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated, 12mo, 365 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.30 net.

**Uncrowned:** A Story of Queen Elizabeth and Francis "Bacon." By C. Y. C. Dawbarn. Illustrated, 8vo, 192 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.

**John Ward, M.D.** By Charles Vale. 12mo, 320 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25 net.

**The Toe,** and Other Tales. By Alexander Harvey. 12mo, 250 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25 net.

**Doris:** A Mount Holyoke Girl. By Julia Redford Tomkinson. Illustrated, 12mo, 179 pages. American Tract Society. \$1. net.

**Hornet:** A Tale of Brazil. By R. W. Fenn. Illustrated, 12mo, 309 pages. American Tract Society. \$1. net.

**The Awakening of the Hartwells:** A Tale of the San Francisco Earthquake. By Emma S. Allen. Illustrated, 12mo, 340 pages. American Tract Society. \$1. net.



**Gloria Gray.** Love Pirate. By Pearl Doles Bell. Illustrated, 12mo, 333 pages. Chicago: Roberts & Co. \$1.25 net.

#### TRAVEL.

**A Naturalist in Western China,** with Vasculum, Camera, and Gun. By Ernest Henry Wilson; with Introduction by Charles Sprague Sargent, L.L.D. In 2 volumes, illustrated, 8vo. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$7.50 net.

**The Story of an Outing.** By A. Barton Hepburn. Illustrated, 8vo, 108 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50 net.

#### ART.

**Fifty-Eight Paintings by Homer Martin.** Reproduced in photogravure, and described by Dana H. Carroll. Limited edition; large 8vo, 153 pages. New York: Frederic Fairchild Sherman. \$15. net.

**Theatrical Bookplates.** By A. Winthrop Pope. Illustrated, 12mo. Kansas City: H. Alfred Fowler. Paper, \$1. net.

#### RELIGION.

**No Room in the Inn,** and Other Interpretations. Chosen from the Writings of Rev. C. J. Scofield, D.D., by Mary Emily Relly. 12mo, 156 pages. Oxford University Press. \$1. net.

**Stewardship among Baptists.** By Albert L. Vall. 12mo, 140 pages. American Baptist Publication Society. 50 cts. net.

**Following the Sunrise:** A Century of Baptist Missions, 1813-1913. By Helen Barrett Montgomery. Illustrated, 12mo, 291 pages. American Baptist Publication Society. 50 cts. net.

#### REFERENCE.

**Writings on American History:** A Bibliography for the Year 1911. Compiled by Grace Gardner Griffin. 8vo, 235 pages. American Historical Association.

**The British Journal Photographic Almanac** and Photographer's Daily Companion, 1914. Edited by George E. Brown. Illustrated, 12mo, 1496 pages. New York: George Murphy, Inc. Paper, 60 cts. net.

#### BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

**The Belles-Lettres Series.** New volumes: Middle English Humorous Tales in Verse, edited by George H. McKnight, Ph.D.; Postmaster, by Ben Jonson, and Satiromastix, by Thomas Dekker, edited by Josiah H. Penniman. Each 16mo. D. C. Heath & Co.

**Die sieben Reisen Sinbads des Seemanns.** Rewritten by Albert Ludwig Grimm; edited by K. C. H. Drechsel, A.M. Illustrated in color, etc., 16mo, 188 pages. American Book Co. 40 cts. net.

**Die Wiedertäufer:** Historische Novelle. Von Adolf Stern; edited by Frederick Bernard Sturm. 16mo, 173 pages. D. C. Heath & Co. 40 cts. net.

**General Hygiene.** By Frank Overton, M.D. Illustrated, 12mo, 382 pages. American Book Co. 60 cts. net.

**Personal Hygiene.** By Frank Overton, M.D. Illustrated, 12mo, 240 pages. American Book Co. 40 cts. net.

**Merrill's German Texts.** New volumes: Wildenbruch's Kindertränen, edited by Carolyn Kreykenbohm, 192 pages, 50 cts.; Gerstacher's Gernmelshausen, edited by R. W. Haller, 122 pages, 40 cts. Each 16mo. Charles E. Merrill Co.

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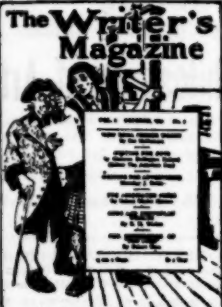
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